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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

The Truth About The National Government

THE "National" Government is a menace to the well-being of the country. The country voted for a Conservative Government by an overwhelming majority in order that it might repair the ravages of the preceding Socialist Government, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister.

The deceit of "National" was engineered by party politicians who pooled their personal interests and ladled out a Socialist and Pacifist policy.

In this "National" Government, men of outstanding British character were ostentatiously ignored. Mr. Winston Churchill, the greatest figure in Empire politics; Mr. St. John Amery, a protagonist of the Empire overseas; Lord Lloyd, a leading pro-consul, who alone has sustained British interests with a firm hand and, in consequence, was cashiered by the Socialist, Mr. J. H. Thomas — all these and others were shelved. Lord Irwin (now Halifax), the biggest failure India has ever known among her various Viceroy, was brought in due course into the Cabinet.

From the very beginning the "Key" positions were held by the enemies of Conservatism. Sir John Simon, a sentimental little Englander, who when the war started was a strong Pacifist, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, without any other qualifications except that he was a lawyer and a peace-at-any-price man. Mr. Runciman, an avowed Free Trader, was put at the Board of Trade to negotiate Tariff Treaties with Foreign Powers.

Our foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation, compromise with principles, mixed with interference or meddling with other nation's affairs. We have alienated Japan, a trusty ally, to the detriment of our interests in the Far East, and Sir John Simon's crowning act of folly has been to move every stone to welcome Russia into the League of Nations, although Russia's hands are red with the murder of millions, and although she has persecuted Christians, made war on Christianity, has spent large sums in organising world revolution, and has repudiated all her obligations.

The National Government has set its face determinedly to surrender India to the extremists, which will lead to insurrection, war, probably massacre, and destroy British interests and capital in a way to bring ruin on millions in India and at home. This was the policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and has been accepted by Mr. Baldwin.

Worst of all is the manner in which the Government has disarmed in the face of the growing menace of war throughout Europe and Asia.

Our Air Force is in a deplorable condition, we are quite unable to offer any defence, let alone counter-attack, if we were compelled to fight. Our future programme is despicable, and although Mr. Baldwin made brave speeches, they appear to be only eye-wash.

Our Squadrons are not more than a fifth of what Germany could employ to-morrow. Our machines are deficient in speed, our aerodromes and personnel far below any margin of safety. Nor have we the engineering resources to fall back upon in any emergency.

Our Navy and Army are far below the national requirements. Lord Beatty, among others, has said bluntly that the Navy could not guarantee supplies in the event of war. The Army is under-officered, under-manned, and our technical corps are far inferior to those of Great Powers on the Continent.

In other words the Government have used the national revenues to try and buy support from the proletariat, and under the excuse of a disarmament policy have left Britain at the mercy of a foreign foe.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without these a nation cannot live. The existence of our country in the future depends on the destruction of this monstrosity and its replacement by a Government which places Britain's interests first and foremost.

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Notes of the Week

Time to Wake Up!

Absolute apathy on the part of local electors, local Conservative Associations, and the Conservative Central Office is to blame for the startling progress Labour is making in the municipalities. Having obtained complete control of London through the L.C.C. elections, Labour is going all out for the county boroughs. Literally, millions of pamphlets are being pushed through the letter-boxes of suburban householders, setting out the Labour policy. Street-corner oratory has been intensified.

The municipal elections take place in two months time. What have the Conservative organisations been doing to capture votes? Nothing—the same old story in municipal as well as national politics. Yet Conservative voters (or rather non-voters), will have to pay for the Labour Party makes no secret of the fact that once Labour gets the reins in the boroughs, money will be spent like water.

What about it, Conservatives?

Follies of Socialism

When the Conservative Congress foregathers at Bristol next month, it is to be hoped that the delegates will express their views on certain subjects without fear or favour. It is time, for instance, that Lord Stonehaven was told bluntly how ineffective has been the attack on Socialism. No single member of the Cabinet so far as we can recollect has exposed the follies of Socialism, except to say that the alternative to a National Government, is one led by Sir Stafford Cripps. Yet there is at least a strong possibility that disillusionment at the feeble policy of the Conservative leaders will let the Socialists in at the next General Election. Sir Stafford Cripps has evidently been warned to sing for a time in a minor key, for in the preface to a fresh series of Forum Lectures issued under the auspices of the

Socialist League, he now insists that personal property and savings will not be commandeered if the Socialists obtain a majority. He said the opposite a few months ago. Money wants to be spent in propaganda to defeat Socialism which is certainly raising its head again.

Tragedy of Apathy

The General Council of the Trades Union Congress have hitherto proclaimed that in the event of a fresh war they would call a General Strike. At Weymouth they wobbled, because such a policy stamps them as the enemies of their country and would bring ruin on themselves if successful. So this year they suggested that they might approve of a war if it were initiated by the League of Nations. A war against Japan, it might be suggested, would foot the bill, in order to assist Russia. The T.U.C., we might remember, are those who worked up the General Strike in 1926, with the aid of delegates of the Moscow Soviet, and who yet control large sums for political purposes invariably anti-British in tendency. The evil purposes of these men ought to be exposed day in and day out by the Conservative leaders and their political Headquarters. Why don't they? One reason is that Mr. Baldwin is the power in the Conservative Party and the apathy which stands him in good stead has spread throughout Palace Chambers. Another reason is lack of funds. The Party Funds have dropped down to a mere trickle since Mr. Baldwin obtained power.

Conservatives Flouted

At Bristol, where some 2,000 delegates will assemble for the Conservative Party Conference on October 4 and 5, some very important subjects will be discussed. First and foremost will be a resolution urging the Government to take steps to restore the Empire's defences. But last year Lord Lloyd moved such a resolution at Birmingham and it was carried *nem. con.* Of what use, we may ask, is the Conference if it passes resolutions like this and allows the Leader

to treat them with contempt? It is to be hoped that at Bristol the insolent disregard of Mr. Baldwin to the rank and file will be brought home and it will be insisted upon this time that it will be regarded. During the last twelve months, the defences of the nation, to say nothing of the Empire, have gone from bad to worse and to make up leeway will not only mean a vast new personnel in the various services, but the expenditure of a sum calculated at not less than 30 millions a year.

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The Debate on India

Undoubtedly the dress debate at the Bristol Conference will turn on Sir Henry Page Croft's very moderately worded resolution on India. The salient passage is that it "urges the Government to assent to no proposals which would imperil the future of India within the Empire or impair the confidence and unity of the Conservative Party in view of the menace of Socialism." It is an astute resolution and probably the line of defence will be to deny that the Government proposals, when formulated, will imperil the future of India. None the less, it will be well if the members of the India Defence Committee will take off the gloves and make it absolutely plain to the Conservative leaders that unless they change their policy they will split the Conservative Party in two.

We will go so far as to say that unless Mr. Baldwin is thrown overboard, the Party will split in two, the so-called "Die-Hards" will be in a minority on paper, but will earn the confidence of all Conservative electors before long and the extraneous growths will gravitate to their rightful places with the Socialists. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Sir Henry Page Croft might be elected the Conservative leader, and an excellent choice he would be.

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Forgotten and Unsung

The Prime Minister at last cannot complain of having a bad Press. He has no Press at all. Nothing is heard of him. Probably not five per cent. of the population of this country know where he is.

Mr. MacDonald resembles some of the Prime Ministers of the past in that his name is rarely, if ever, mentioned, but that is the only resemblance; for he is of infinitely smaller calibre than the very least of them. One hopes that, being so completely out of the way, he is doing no harm. Everyone gets along very well without him.

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Bravo, Motta!

Soviet Russia is now a member of the League of Nations—and so much the worse for the

League! Litvinoff has by no means, however, had it all his own way at Geneva, for he encountered much greater opposition than had been expected. It was not a little remarkable that the fiercest attack on the Soviet came from the mildest-looking and mildest-mannered man in the assembly, M. Motta, the Swiss representative. He certainly did not mince matters.

In fact, no truer or more damning charges were ever brought before any tribunal. His arraignment of communism was unanswerable, and he made no mistake when he stated that the Soviet, the Russian Communist Party and the Third International were all one. He naturally fears that Geneva will now become a centre of Bolshevik propaganda, and doubtless Switzerland will find his apprehensions justified before very long. That is a safe bet!

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Eden the Gramophone

Mr. Anthony Eden spoke his little piece at Geneva—it might have been a gramophone that talked, repeating something that had been heard often and often before *ad nauseam*. That the foreign policy of our Governments has been based, as he said, on the League ever since it was created is unfortunately only too true. It is this that accounts in the present Government not only for its sickening vacillations abroad, but also—what is even worse—for the criminal indifference it shows at home respecting the nation's defensive forces.

And as for the hope Mr. Eden expressed that the inclusion of the Soviet in the League will "universalise" the latter, it is much more likely that it is Bolshevism that will be universalised. The Soviet will have such a chance as it never had before.

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French Foreign Policy

More than anyone else, M. Barthou is responsible for the admission of the Soviet to the League. At Geneva he said that if the Soviet was barred, the League would be "throwing it into the arms of—well, I won't say whom!" Of course, he meant Germany. But is France any nearer that security she seeks? If M. Barthou's Eastern (Locarno) Pact met with the approval of England and Italy, it has none the less failed because of the opposition of Poland and Germany. The Franco-Polish alliance is being denounced in part of the Paris Press, and the relations of France and Poland are tense, but to replace the alliance with Poland by one with the Soviet alone will scarcely insure French security. M. Barthou has rather an unhappy knack of creating his own embarrassments.

"Star"-Light on Soviet Russia

"Intense animation, joyful processions, the spirit of hopefulness among the people."

The Star, last Tuesday.

... "The ruthless tyranny of the Soviet ... an awful drabness, a monotony of life, an absence of gaiety."

The Star, last Tuesday.

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The S.R. Congratulates the S.R.

We have been told for generations that "they manage these things better in France." But our own Southern Railway are to be congratulated on the way they now manage things for motorists travelling to or from France.

The car-carrying cargo-boat running between Boulogne and the English Channel ports is a big success. One can spend the morning motoring in Northern France, see one's car hauled swiftly and safely on board a clean little ship, which provides a single lunch, pay only a few shillings for one's personal passage and motor up to London, if need be, in time for dinner.

Here is a fine example of efficient organisation which is having a more important result than the increased comfort of those who avail themselves of it.

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No Excuse for Liner Fires

The tragic fire which destroyed the U.S. liner *Morro Castle* and resulted in a large death roll, looks like developing into a first-class scandal. The evidence already made public reveals not only a disgraceful state of affairs in the internal organisation of the ship itself, but also an incompetence which is, luckily, rare amongst seamen. Stories of incendiarism and Communist plots are in all probability due largely to fertile imagination and a desire to shift the blame from those responsible. A more accurate diagnosis may be found to lie in the allegations of drunkenness both among the passengers and the crew.

There is no excuse for a fire in a liner developing to such proportions as occurred in this case. Modern construction shuts a ship up into fireproof compartments and, if only the necessary doors had been closed in time, the fire could very easily have been isolated and extinguished. In the *Morro Castle* there was, according to the evidence, no organised "Abandon ship" drill, a laxness which is criminal at sea. Altogether, apart from the tragedy of it all, it will bring great discredit on the U.S. Mercantile Marine.

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Danger of Foreign Crews

The tragedy of the *Morro Castle* raises another point which has been a bone of contention between shipowners and crews. It has long been

the practice of most companies to economise in overheads by manning ships with a proportion of Lascars as crew. Apart from the unemployment among sailors caused by this practice, there is always a grave danger to the passengers in cases of emergency. Although, as a rule, these men make excellent seamen, they almost invariably panic in a crisis. The sinking of the *Egypt* in the Bay of Biscay some years ago, when the Lascar crew fought to get to the boats first, struck a warning note which has gone unheeded. Perhaps the *Morro Castle* will drive the lesson home.

A Board of Trade regulation would not only prevent these unfortunate happenings in which passengers' lives are endangered, but would also prove extremely popular in the Merchant Service, putting some thousands of unemployed men back on the wage lists.

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The America's Cup

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour* has made a wonderful fight in the series of races for the America's Cup. *Endeavour* has had a lot of critics in this country and even her designer, Charles Nicholson, expressed doubts as to whether she was good enough. Her performance is even better than we hoped for, and proves that in design and helmsmanship, we can still do as well as anyone the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Sopwith made his name as one of the "classic" helmsmen when he used to race his boat *Nonette* in the 12-metre class. He has the easy stance and the sure touch of the master, and can be relied upon to get the utmost fraction of speed from his boat. He is, too, an expert at the art of "luffing."

The Cup has been in America since 1851, and it will be a great feather in Mr. Sopwith's cap if he succeeds in bringing it home. It would also give an added interest to the game, as American challengers would most certainly be soon over in these waters before very long.

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Mr. Samuel and Putney

Mr. Samuel, the Member of Parliament for Putney, is, we are now informed, not to retire after all. Last week we stated it was his intention shortly to resign, and we warned Putney electors to be on the watch against attempts to foist on them some successor whose only claim to represent the division would be his bank balance. Rumour was premature, and Putney must be thankful to know that Mr. Samuel will still look after their interests as he has done successfully for so many years. He has made Putney a safe Tory seat. Long may it remain so. But the safe seats are just those on which envious eyes are cast.

Pandora's Box at Geneva

By Kim

PUBLIC opinion in this country is thoroughly aroused at the indecent spectacle of Sir John Simon going cap in hand with M. Barthou to welcome Russia as a member of the League of Nations.

The crafty M. Litvinoff has not only succeeded in getting the Government of Stalin accepted as a member of the assembly, which is pledged to uphold Christian principles, but he has demanded and obtained a permanent seat on the Council. Not satisfied with having had the way made clear, in which Sir John Simon has played the part nearer lackey than the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the representatives of Great Britain and France had to draft a welcome to Geneva sufficiently flattering to satisfy M. Litvinoff's pride, to maintain the "prestige" of Stalin's régime.

One might suppose from all this that Russia was a Power of great political importance, whose membership of the League set a final seal upon its stability and competence to solve the world's peace. Yet so far is this from being the case that the entry of Russia is merely a pawn in the game of European re-distribution of Powers. As in 1914, she becomes ostensibly a buttress of France on the eastern borders of Germany. Her rottenness is apparent, and she will undoubtedly betray France if war should occur, as happened in 1917. As in 1914, Great Britain is wobbling uncertainly, pursuing a chimera of peace, only unhappily having disarmed herself far below the margin of safety. As in 1914, her foreign policy is confused and dazed.

Confusing the Issue

If it is the view of the Government that it would be to the advantage of the nation and lead to the pacification of Europe were a defensive alliance made with France, why not make a definite pronouncement to this effect? If, on the other hand, it is the intention of the Government to hold aloof from all the graspings and arrangements of Powers, and to take no part in any war, why does not the Government say so clearly? Europe would at any rate know where she stands and so should we, but this constant intervention and interference with the European Powers is not merely meddling, but is playing with fire. It is all done, no doubt, with the object of leading Europe towards peace and disarmament, but it is unfortunately heading the Powers towards the very opposite direction of war preparation.

There is a vital problem Sir John Simon, and our pacifist ministers, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin should be facing, yet what do we see? Mr. MacDonald enjoying himself across the Atlantic—"cavorting round the world in a cruiser as the *Saturday Review* said last week; Mr. Baldwin pottering about Aix-les-Bains, smoking his pipe, but not looking after his responsibilities; Sir John Simon pirouetting at

Geneva and seeking to placate M. Litvinoff. No responsible British Minister is taking the slightest trouble to face up to the ominous situation now developing and nothing substantial has yet been done to render our precarious position in the air more tolerable.

Great Britain alone lives in a world of illusions, and only a Sir John Simon would have the assurance to put forward Russia's entry to the League as an asset to peace, although everyone else is well aware she has joined the League she openly despised only to seek some assistance in her dispute with Japan, who, in the next war, will probably be aligned with Germany against Russia.

Murder in their Hearts

Sir John Simon regards himself as a Christian and that he can soil his hands with the advocacy of the Bolsheviks shows where Pacifism will take a man. Russia, since 1917, has conducted a more ruthless and bitter campaign against Christianity than the world has seen since the time of Diocletian or Theodosius. It has taught its young people to despise all the virtues of Christianity and to grow up with murder in their hearts and hatred of everybody. They have shot down in cold blood or assassinated millions of Russians they called "bourgeoisie." They have enslaved millions in the timber camps and deliberately starved to death the oppressed minorities in Georgia and the Ukraine. The Russian Communists have made war against God and Sir John Simon leads them into the Council Chamber by the hand.

The Soviet Government have violated one after another of the fundamental principles which the League professes. They have flagrantly and cynically repudiated the award of an impartial arbitrator in the question of the Lena Goldfields, and the British Foreign Office are responsible for the millions of our money they have permitted Russia to steal. They never keep to any obligation unless they are compelled and as we know, all these years they have maintained relations by bribes, promises, and threats with the subversive elements in Great Britain, Spain and everywhere else if they are tolerated and treated as a civilised nation. Theirs is the most gigantic crook and gangster state the world has ever seen. Sir John Simon, full of confiding trust, imbued with the pacifism of a Liberal, leads this savage tiger into the arena, which it enters with a snarl. It is the British Foreign Minister's contribution to the cause of peace! Yet never did Pandora's Box hold greater potentialities for evil.

The Government (whoever in these days forms the Government where the Liberal tail wags the dog) must face up to this question or we shall find ourselves muddled into another war while Sir John Simon is turning his back on the perils involving us.

The C-in-C Apologises

For Telling The Truth

By Hamish Blair

(*The Man on the Spot*)

HAS the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, been at his "hush-hush" business again? I only ask because the sudden and violent (not to say ignominious) climb down which has just been executed in the Council of State by Sir Philip Chetwode, the Commander-in-Chief, has a strong suggestion of the Willingdon touch. And I am wondering (and so I daresay is many another resident in this bewildered country) whether the same hand which smote Ranjitsinhji on the mouth a few months ago when that Prince tried to warn us against the impending surrender of British sovereignty, may not have given the C.-in-C. a jolt, and compelled him to ask pardon for the frightful indiscretion of telling our politicians exactly where they get off.

Of course Lord Willingdon may not have constrained Sir Philip Chetwode to apologise. The Commander-in-Chief may be so much of a politician and so little of a soldier as to be prepared to swallow his own words within twenty-four hours of their utterance. In which case I apologise to the Viceroy; and congratulate him upon having as a colleague a Commander-in-Chief who is pretty nearly as supple as himself.

Hot Air—As Usual

The offending passage in Sir Philip Chetwode's speech has doubtless been cabled to you, together with the *amende* dishonourable. But it is well within the bounds of possibility that the real sting of it has been left out. I venture, therefore, to send you the following commentary, which may help to elucidate a remarkable incident.

The subject under discussion in the Council of State at Simla, when the Commander-in-Chief intervened three days ago, was the Army Act Amendment Bill, one of the proposals of which is to abolish the Viceroy's commission which, under the present system, is awarded to meritorious Indian officers. A Mr. Sapru moved that it be retained, and he and other hon. councillors voiced a portentous quantity of the usual hot air in this behalf.

For once the Commander-in-Chief lost patience. He got up and pointed out that the Government were conducting "the greatest experiment in Indian history." (They are indeed!) Who were those men, continued His Excellency, who wanted to dictate to professional soldiers and to "a war-worn and war-wise nation like the British, who won their Empire at the point of the sword and have kept it by the sword all these years"—how the new Indian Army was to be run.

"Have the mover and his friends," he asked, "ever heard the whine of a bullet down a frontier valley? Have they seen faces blanch when death in ugly shapes is taking toll of their ranks?"

The answer, of course, is in the negative. None of our Indian politicians ever has been or ever will be found within a thousand miles of any battlefield until the fighting is over. "Who would be first to cry out," Sir Philip Chetwode asked, "if riots like the one at Agra affected the safety of their homes, and efficient troops were not available to put them down?"

The answer is, of course, the politicians. That was where the C.-in-C. got them on the raw; not because, he added that "it was easy for a politician who was in no way responsible for the policy to criticise from his arm chair or from the floor of a political assembly." After all, to be called irresponsible is all in the day's work for a politician, especially in India. But to be twitted for his lack of martial ardour—that is a very different matter. The mover of the resolution in reply charged Sir Philip with having made "a provocative speech," which, he darkly added, "would have repercussions in the country."

Too Much Tact

I submit that the speech was the strong but perfectly legitimate protest of a soldier against interference by the windbags who man the legislatures in this country. They know nothing of military matters from practical experience; and surely there can be nothing more trying for an expert, than to listen for hours to ignorance spreading itself with nauseating fluency upon a vital subject to which he has devoted a lifetime. Sir Philip Chetwode might perhaps have been more tactful, but tact is doing more harm than good in India to-day.

But he spoiled the whole effect of his outspoken utterance by standing up in a white sheet the very next day, and mumbling an apology to the following effect:—

"By my words 'irresponsible criticism' I did not mean that my friends (the Opposition) were irresponsible politicians. If I gave the impression that they were irresponsible individuals to offer criticism, or that they had no right to criticise, I unreservedly withdraw it."

What are we to make of such a *volte face*? Either that Sir Philip Chetwode did not mean what he had said on the previous day, in which case, of course, he should not have said it. Or that he did mean it, but got cold feet when his voluble opponent hinted vaguely at "repercussion." Or that somebody in authority had spoken to him and persuaded him to eat his words. In any case the Commander-in-Chief in India has been made to cut a figure which will not have the happiest "repercussions" upon British prestige.

Yet, when all is said and done, Sir Philip Chetwode was absolutely justified in every word he uttered.

India, 9 September, 1934.

Philip's Dream

By The Saturday Reviewer

HE was an elderly man with a face rather like a weasel's, or if you can imagine a lemon trying to smile, it was a little like that. He sat up in bed in a white nightgown (like the wolf in the fairy tale) reading, with evident satisfaction, a bunch of press-cuttings.

"These reviewers," he said, "must think a lot of my book, for they all praise it. Some of them say I have not been exactly kind to Ramsay and Uncle Athur; but let them wait till they get the next volume. It will pay off some old scores, I promise them! And I mean to rub it in about the Tories—how I have always hated them! (The Liberals I merely despise!) Here's the "Saturday Reviewer"—why he's quite kind to me. He has to praise the book, I suppose, because it's so well written . . ."

"No, Philip," said a small voice which seemed to come out of the surrounding gloom. "It was because he was a little sorry for you."

"What's that," said Philip sharply. "Sorry for me! Why I have been a great success in life. I was Chancellor of the Exchequer. I'm a Viscount, and a Member of the House of Lords—not that I hold with an aristocracy and Upper Chambers and such things. But still you can't deny that they are the hall-mark of success! Why, then, should any Tory be sorry for me?"

The little voice came nearer. It belonged to a little lady with a merry eye and a world of shrewdness in her smile.

"All of which goes to show that you're a Yorkshireman," said the intruder, "and self-made, though how a self-made Yorkshireman can be a Socialist—if you're still a Socialist—is more than I can understand."

"Of course, I'm still a Socialist," said the other. "I'm honest and consistent, and besides it was useful to my career."

"Candid, as usual!" said the Little Lady.

"But why is he sorry for me?" the other persisted.

"Well I suppose he thought you would have been happier if you had not lost your health."

"And remained a ganger I suppose," said Philip scornfully. "Why it was the accident . . ."

"That made you a Socialist?"

"No, but gave me the leisure to study," said the invalid. "Socialism was the natural development of my mind."

"Yes, you must always have been a bit sour," said the visitor. "Well perhaps my Reviewer was sorry for you because of all you did not know."

"There's very little I don't know," said Philip proudly. "I'm self-educated."

"So am I," said the Little Lady; "we are all self-educated; but there's a lot we don't find in primers."

"As, for example?" the other asked.

"You speak in your book of the forefathers of your village who drew a bow on the field of

Flodden. Do you know why they fought?"

"Pooh! Patriotism, I suppose; but that's all out of date. Patriotism, my dear lady, is a superstition of the *bourgeoisie*."

"Yet you speak so like a Yorkshireman."

"I love my class, of course."

"What is your class? You are a Viscount."

"But I hate the rich."

"Yes, I notice you say in your book, or quote somebody as saying, that the rich live by robbing the poor. A nice maxim for a Chancellor of the Exchequer! Are we not all members one of another, the poor and the rich?"

"No, there's a class-war."

"That's why you sent out that manifesto to Lenin and his friends?"

"It's a lie, they were not yet in power."

"But you knew they were going to be, my dear Viscount; being an Internationalist you must have known."

"No, I did not know, I tell you."

"Then you were deceived by your Russian comrades. Was that why you signed an appeal to the soldiers, who had been defending you, as your ancestors had defended Yorkshire on the Field of Flodden, and to the workers, over whom you had some influence, to form soldiers' and workers' councils as they had done in Russia?"

"O," said Philip impatiently, "that was misunderstood. Listen to what I say in my book: 'It was in effect a very harmless resolution as a careful reading of its terms will show.'"

There was a touch of scorn in the Little Lady's voice. "That, Philip," she said, "is hardly worthy of Yorkshire. Let us see. In the first paragraph which began, 'Hail! the Russian Revolution,' you spoke of 'the international movement for working class emancipation from all forms of political, economic and imperialistic oppression and exploitation.' Then in the last paragraph you called upon the workmen and soldiers to establish Councils 'in support of the policy set out in the foregoing resolutions.' Now you say in your book that if the resolutions were read carefully it would be seen that they were harmless. Are workmen and soldiers, like lawyers, to read resolutions as if they were conveyances? Was it not, in plain language, an incitement to revolution—not in Russia, but in your own free country when it was still at war?"

"And let me ask you this, Philip," continued the Little Lady. "Did you own up when you found out your mistake about Russia?"

"I have to be consistent," said the politician.

"That no doubt is why you are a Viscount," said the Little Lady.

Philip, with a shiver, woke up. "What a queer dream!" he said. And then, taking up the cuttings again, "Yes," he murmured, "these reviewers seem to realise that I am an honest man."

MOSCOW MUCKS IN

(Being a confidential letter written by Comrade Popemoff of the G.P.U., detailed for duty with the Soviet delegation at Geneva, to his friend Oulianoff Strunsky, third assistant commissar of the Workmen's and Peasants' Inspection Bureau of the Council of People's Commissaries in Moscow).

Dear Comrade, 'twas with grief I read your letter
Saying the food position is no better,
That we shall see, when winter piles the snows up,
Another million peasants turn their toes up.
But don't you fret; you'll get your cabbage soup,
Though hungry peasants perish by the troop.
Famine may stalk the land but, thank the stars,
There'll be enough to feed us Commissars.

It makes a comrade's blood begin to boil
To see the fruits of all our splendid toil
Destroyed because some sentimental fool lacks
The nerve to shoot a few more thousand koolaks,
And crack those Kolkhose fellows on the snout
Till they cough up the grain they're holding out.
But there, enough of that! You bid me tell
How things have gone with us. I answer "Well."
The Dutch, of course, have given us the bird,
Also the Portuguese, as you'll have heard,
And I need hardly tell you that we got a
Chilly reception from that fellow Motta.
The poor Swiss cheese! But fortunately France
Had got the whole thing framed up in advance.
She's bent, you see, on wiping Hitler's eye,
Now that the Poles are courting Germany,
And Jugoslavia's acting none too prettily,
Since France has started making eyes at Italy.
So though poor Motta got the rousing cheers
For saying things that nearly scorched my ears,
As soon as old man Barthou had the floor
They voted for us, thirty-eight to four.
Britain, I need not tell you joined the chorus;
(The more we kick *their* pants the more they're for us)
Poor Simon being convinced, so gossip says,
That being in the League will make us change our ways,
And even, it may be, put a stopper on
The raucous gob of Comrade Hannington.

So here we sit, as pretty as you please,
Making long noses at the Japanese,
With nothing said to make us feel upset
About such things as murder, theft or debt,
No promise that the Soviets will desist
From egging on the alien Bolshevik,
From treating subject tribes with inhumanity,
And waging bloody war on Christianity.

So that's all right and Comrade Litvinoff
Will lose no time in telling Simon off,
And letting Barthou's capitalist scum
Know what we mean to do and why we've come,
Once they have helped us to defeat Japan.
But now farewell, for I'm a busy man.
Up, Revolution! Up, the Comintern!
And may we live to see Geneva burn.
Address me at the Grand Hotel Splendide
(The luncheon here is very good indeed.)

HAMADRYAD.

Unite the Fighting Services

Co-ordination or Chaos

By Major H. Reade

THE recent operations on the Yorkshire Coast when naval, military and air forces combined in an exercise for landing 2,000 troops, was the nearest approach to a practical co-ordination of the work of the three Defence Forces of the Crown that has yet been attempted since the war.

But the lessons of Gallipoli, when the lack of co-ordination between the Navy and Army was a vital defect in the plans and strategy of the venture, have not yet sunk into the minds and imaginations of Whitehall. Only last year, for the first time since the war, was there an exercise in which the Navy and Air Forces co-operated, but it was little more than a minor exercise and hedged around with so many restrictions that it lost a great deal of its practical value. This year the exercise seems to be better planned and more lessons should be learnt with the Admiral Commanding, the G.O.C.-in-C. Commanding, and the Air Vice-Chief Marshal Commanding working together.

This exercise should have a far-reaching political application.

United We Stand!

It points the way to a unified system of defence. The co-ordination and co-operation of the Services would thus be rendered much more efficient, the narrow departmental views in each Ministry exterminated, and the triplication and consequent disorganisation of essential services ended.

These three Commanding Officers sitting aboard the flagship controlling the destinies of an important exercise, based on war experiences, are a miniature Great General Staff under whom the Navy, Army and Air Forces act in unity, and not as a diversity of Commands.

In these days it is obvious even to the uninitiated in military affairs that the Navy cannot exist without a Naval Air Arm or the Army without an Army Air Arm and that, therefore, there is in this truth a greater argument for a closer identity between the three Services than is even yet realised by the public.

Those who know the Services know that apart from co-ordination in Command and Administration there could be a common directing organisation in the essential services of supplies, transport, man power, medical services, contracts and distribution; that the old isolationist ideals that have kept Admirals at swords length from Generals and both the former from the new Air Marshals would cease; that the jealousies between the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry would be ended; and that the country would be much

safer under a single ruling defence organisation than it is to-day under three systems, each with its own particular axe to grind.

But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would say with a shrug of his shoulders, "We have the Committee of Imperial Defence under my chairmanship and that committee is sufficient to advise the nation in all matters relating to its defence."

"We, that is I, eight of my principal Cabinet Ministers and the three Chiefs of Staff of the Navy, Army and Air Force, are quite capable of dealing with all questions affecting general strategical defence and co-ordinating as far as is necessary the work of the sea, land and air forces."

To which the obvious reply is that Cabinet Ministers, not being specialists in naval and military affairs, are quite incapable of deciding the strategic defence of the Empire or of co-ordinating the highly technical problems of the Three Services.

Remember His Past

Have we, as a nation, any right to reserve to Ramsay MacDonald, after his notorious war record, the decision as to how these islands and the Empire overseas are best protected, and what are the specific rôles of Navy, Army and Air Force? . . . God forbid!

Yet that is what we are doing and have done for some years. Ramsay MacDonald has been three times Prime Minister and on each occasion has been the chairman and controlling spirit of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

And what has been done under his chairmanship? The record is illuminating.

Our Navy, which was the pride of the world, has become that of a second-class power, and in the opinion of its expert advisers, incapable of guarding our trade routes on which the safe provisioning of these islands depend. Hundreds of splendid officers, highly efficient and experienced, have been compulsorily retired; and to please foreigners, noble ships of great value have been flung on the scrap heap in following the will-o'-the-wisp of disarming the country to far below danger point.

Then there is the reduction of our Army; the refusal to carry on the modernised principles of mechanisation except on most slender lines; the order to make the Army just a police force instead of a force capable of engaging in a first-class war of defence; the parsimonious, crippling attitude adapted to the Territorial Army and the utter lack of any encouragement to give tone and national pride to the Fighting Services.

When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister of a Socialist Government he approved the withholding of grants even to Cadet Corps and

other voluntary semi-military organisations. In his opinion, as Chairman of the Committee of Imperial Defence, it was a very naughty thing for a boy to be taught how to "form fours"—rifles and guns were anathema, patriotism sneered at, even tattoos were taboo; the only decent people were non-combatants and conscientious objectors.

And when it comes to the Air Force, the record is even worse. At the close of the war it was the largest and most efficient in the world. Its personnel and machines were the admiration of the world. This was so reduced that to-day it ranks a bad fifth among the nations of the world, and now when almost a panic state has been reached, the plans for its increase are meagre and delayed, so much so, that when the present increase authorised is created we shall still be as far behind the other four nations with superior air forces as we are now.

To-day, thanks to the chairman of the Imperial Defence Committee, Ramsay MacDonald, our country stands in danger of starvation in the event of any great war breaking out, our cities and towns in danger of devastation; our people in danger of destruction by bomb and gas and our Armed Forces of the Crown so weakened as to be unable to prevent this tragedy.

It is high time for the country to demand:—

- (a) An unified system of defence.
- (b) A Great General Staff, freed from Politicians, and a Staff of the best brains of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Economy, efficiency and safety would be the result.

This Yorkshire Coast Exercise of co-operation and co-ordination of the Three Defence Forces of the Crown may be a signal to lead onwards to this end.

ROUND THE CONSTITUENCIES

How County Seats are Lost

By a Political Correspondent

A SURPRISE in the 1931 General Election was the desertion of the mining and industrial county seats from their allegiance to the Socialist Party. In the towns, the extraordinary swing-over of seats which for ten years or more had never wavered in their Socialism can be explained away by the fact that an epidemic-like panic spreads most rapidly in overcrowded areas. But it is not so in those areas—county divisions—where mining and the heavier industries predominate; where, although there are fields and hedgerows, factories and furnaces or pitheads are the outstanding feature of the countryside.

Indeed the last election was such a surprise that a number of members apparently have not yet recovered from it. Certainly the party mandarins haven't. They never will become accustomed to the majority of Durham members being anti-Socialist. They don't know what to do about it. There is no precedent. So they close their eyes, fold their hands and fondly hope that the electorate of these places will, out of gratitude, do their work for them.

Not Good Enough

The members, returned some of them against their will, struggle to do their best, but their best is not good enough. What support have they had from the Government? The Socialist Mr. Kirkwood from the Clyde is the only man to bear off the honours. Nothing has been done to consolidate the advantage gained in 1931, and the next election will prove—if proof is needed—that yet another opportunity of the Conservative Party has been thrown away under the lazy leadership of Mr. Baldwin. The great change of head and heart shown by the country in 1931 has been despised. The return to the old loyalty has been scoffed.

If Mr. MacDonald's shameless neglect of these particular constituencies, his dilatory tactics, his failure to evolve any plan for their salvation, are in fact designed to advance Socialism, he has succeeded beyond his expectations. I doubt if one single vote in these industrial and mining divisions given to Conservatism last time will be given to anyone but a Socialist in the next ten years.

Sincerity or Security?

How can Mr. Nunn hope to hold Whitehaven in Cumberland? In 1929 the people there rejected their member, Mr. Robert Hudson, and went back to the Socialist. They had rejected Mr. Hudson once in 1923, but he stuck to his guns and won the seat in 1924. Why did he desert after 1929? Security is worth more, I suppose, than sincerity. But he made it harder for Mr. Nunn. He was lucky in 1931, being his first election there, but he had only a two thousand majority. Those two thousand are the floating vote. They will put him in or out. What has he done to capture them?

There is Sir Donald Somervell at Crewe. I was going to say he is a coming young man. He would be annoyed at that. He is Solicitor-General. But he will not always win battles by a policy of surrender. Indian Summers usually end in rain. Sir Donald wants every Conservative vote in Crewe he can get if he is to keep his seat. He has done his best by playing for Socialist support to disgust many of his own followers—the Baldwin method of political advancement.

It is disheartening to find a Liberal sitting at Eddisbury, Sir Harry Banniston's old seat. Mr. Russell is a Simonite. He was unopposed in 1931. A Socialist has not fought the seat for ten years. If a Conservative were to put up—with or without

Socialist intervention—he should bring the division back to the true faith. The local Tories should get busy.

No use to say much about Knutsford or Macclesfield. The latter Mr. Remer has in the hollow of his hand. Why? Because he has never been afraid of making a nuisance of himself when he thought his constituents were being basely treated. Silence seldom means salvation.

In Derbyshire Mr. Wragg is giving up. There is, I understand difficulty in finding someone to succeed him. I am not surprised. In 1929 the Conservatives lost the seat by nearly three thousand. It may well be lost again.

At Ilkeston sits Mr. Flint, elected by a majority of two, to his consternation and despair: a National Labourite, he was pushed in to second the Address to the Throne; he has disappeared from public life ever since. Ilkeston was an impregnable Socialist seat. It is now.

Back to the Shades

In another part of Derbyshire sits Mr. Whyte. In his first fight he won a Socialist stronghold and defeated an old Socialist campaigner. Has anyone heard of Mr. Whyte? Why has he clung to the shadows? Never mind, he is destined to revert to his former obscurity.

Major Graham-Pole, a Socialist with top-hat, a cigar, and spats, ought to be kept out of South Derbyshire. Can Mr. Emrys-Evans be trusted to do it? I think the benefit of the doubt is his.

Durham has eleven seats, all of them Socialist in inclination if not always so in representation. And the Right Honourable James Ramsay MacDonald, M.P. for Seaham Harbour is among the eleven; lately of Lossiemouth and Londonderry House—

now of Labrador. Let him have all the limelight while he may. He is scheduled for demolition and clearance.

Colonel Headlam, personally popular though he is, does not deserve to keep his seat after his resignation of office and newspaper interviews. He bewails the expense of politics. So do a good many others. But how does his opponent manage? How might he manage? Obstacles are made to be surmounted, not bewailed.

Mr. Martin has done his best—better in his constituency than at Westminster. But there is no hope for him with the present Government.

There is a Mr. Pearson in the House of Commons. Sits for Jarrow—one of the few places where men outnumber women; a place to break your heart. Has it broken Mr. Pearson? One would have imagined he would have out-Kirkwooded Kirkwood. No; he has accepted his marching orders and marched, but not for the benefit of Jarrow.

Colonel Chapman at Houghton. Remarkable the way these men control themselves! Will they show any signs of life when the declaration of the poll forces them to the necessity of finding something else to do?

Colonel Cruddas may keep Wansbeck if the Liberals keep away; the Conservatives will win back Lichfield if Lord Stonehaven keeps away. Mrs. Ward has done well for Cannock, but she has an uphill task.

That is what faces nearly every member of the Baldwin party. Few backbenchers can be really happy about the next election—those, at least, who want to go on being M.P's. They know what is in front of them. What none of them can be sure of is what is going on behind their backs.

THIS WE LEARNED.....

By Boyd Cable

This we learned from the viking sails
And the Roman galley oars,
From the Saxon sword and the Angle horde
That flooded our stricken shores,
As we learned it worse from the raiding Norse
And the sea-borne Normans' bond—
"Who can hold the key to the circling sea
May master the lands beyond."

This we learned from our caravels,
And the broke Armada's fate,
From the roaring tongues of our broadside guns
Up Channel from Start to Strait;
This at last we learned, and have never turned
From the truth that set us free—
"Wait a foe no more on our ravished shore,
But seek and sink him at sea."

This we learned by the Nelson Touch,
All the ocean widths away,
By the round-shots' crash and the rending smash
Of the locked three-deckers' fray,

By the gun-throat growl of the frigates' prow
Off a far blockaded beach—
"The innermost ward that your fleet must guard
Is the outmost it can reach."

This we learned from the U-boat scourge
And our each sunk cargo boat,
From our lacking wheat, and our rationed meat
With the full food stores remote;
By the war front fed on the beef and bread
The Overseas grow afar—
"On our trade in peace, let our fleets increase
To freight us our needs in war."

This we learned of the air raid bombs
And the groundlings' wrath and rue
(Although knave or fool would forget the school
That taught us our lesson true)
By the fighters' need for power and speed,
By the bombers' growing freight,
"The life, range and height of our Empire might
Is our air arm's reach and weight."

Hypocrisy of the League

By Robert Machray

AT the moment, as for years past yet never more conspicuously than now, the League of Nations presents a sorry spectacle. The idea or ideal which originally informed and inspired the League was the promotion of peace throughout the world, and it was founded on the principle of the equality of all nations who were or became members. The hope that every possible State would join it was disappointed, and presently it was discovered that its equalitarian basis was the unreality it had been from the start.

To put an extremely hypothetical case, how could Estonia, with a population of one-and-a-quarter millions, ever expect to figure as the equal of England, with her forty-five million inhabitants, in a case where their vital interests were in conflict? The equalitarian basis of the League was palpably unsound, but Mussolini's shelling of Corfu was needed to uncover and emphasise that truth, which, however, was cloaked over and thrust into the background as far as might be.

A False Idol

Apparently unmoved and indifferent, the Great Powers as well as the Small Powers went on paying lip-service to the false equality idol that had been set up at Geneva, and thus the League became more and more an organised hypocrisy. This abominable and hateful process has been completed by the addition of Soviet Russia, who has actually been "welcomed" by the great majority of the States within the League. It is more than likely that they will soon regret it.

Some time ago, the *Saturday Review*, in its Notes of the Week, drew attention to the report, made on good authority, that a world congress of the Third International, which is the Soviet's other name, was scheduled to be held in Moscow before the end of this year. To facilitate its entry into the League, the Soviet spread a rumour abroad that this congress would not take place, but it was at pains to keep the news from its own people. On the contrary, the Third International has issued statements and appeals to the Russians in the same old inflammatory style in connection with the approach of the congress. It proclaims a policy diametrically the opposite of peace.

Considering how much now is known of the Soviet's real nature, and the Ethiopian has not changed his skin, it is surprising, and more melancholy than surprising, to find how trifling is the reaction to the entry of the Soviet into the League that is observable in some quarters in this country—for example in the Church. It is passing strange that neither the Archbishop of Canterbury nor the Archbishop of York has broken silence on this subject. It is true that protests have been published in the Press by some prominent people, but they have been woefully few.

It can scarcely be the view of the friends of the League that it has nothing to do with religion or morals, as appears to be held by Lord Cecil, who

in presenting that as an argument for the admission of the Soviet suggests in fact that the League is just an organised hypocrisy and nothing more. Besides, everybody knows at Geneva, if nowhere else, that that admission was procured in the most shameless manner by the wanglings, promises, and even threats of that secret diplomacy which is the denial of "public covenants openly arrived at," one of the planks in the League's platform.

Really the League did not mind that in the least! Its complaisance remained unruffled. What did shake up the League with a vengeance was the action of Poland concerning another matter, though not entirely dissociated from the question of the Soviet's entry, namely, her denunciation of the Minorities Treaty she was compelled to sign at Versailles in June, 1919. The uncompromising statement of Beck, her Foreign Minister, was something absolutely without precedent in the history of the League—which, all in an instant, became a thoroughly disorganised hypocrisy. The shock indeed was tremendous, stupefying. What! Poland? How dared she disturb things in this way? Quack, quack, quack!

I am not concerned to argue the merits or demerits of Poland's case *vis-à-vis* the League. More important points are, first, the renewed declaration of the Polish Foreign Minister that she will not recede from the position she has taken up, and, second, the attitude of the other member-States in face of her shattering intransigence. For, shattering to the League it undoubtedly is. But the air has been cleared a little. In that fashion Poland has celebrated what in effect is her coming of age as a Great Power.

Another Deadlock

But I venture to say that while it is perfectly true that she has pressed time and again without success at Geneva for the reconsideration of the Minorities Treaty, there is a special reason why she has taken action in this particular Assembly. Two or three months ago, Colonel Pieracki, a Minister, an old legionary, and perhaps Marshal Pilsudski's most intimate friend, was foully murdered by, it was supposed, a Ukrainian terrorist, who effected his escape and has not since been found and arrested despite every effort on the part of the Polish authorities.

It was that outrage, I think, that determined the Marshal to take the Polish Minorities completely out of the hands of the League. And when he has made up his mind, no change need be expected. What is the League going to do about it? The rebukes administered to Poland by Simon, Barthou and Aloisi were almost immoderately courteous, and were evidently intended to build a bridge by which she might retreat in a dignified manner. But Poland says she has no intention of retreating, and the League is up against another deadlock. It will have to be very careful if it does not want to lose Poland altogether.

Eve in Paris

WHEN, some years ago, I had the honour of being presented to Princess Nicholas of Greece (Grand Duchess Helen of Russia) and her family, Princess Marina was a lovely young girl, full of enthusiasm for art. She worked seriously, attending a studio. "Such fun," she declared. She possesses remarkable talent, inherited from her father, Prince Nicholas, himself a distinguished artist who holds most successful exhibitions of his pictures as "M. Prince."

The day before the departure for England, Grand Duchess Helen graciously received me at the Villa Majestic (not, as the papers announced, the Hotel). The Royal Party spent their short time in Paris quietly there, while hotel officials got rid of importunate crowds by declaring truly that Princess Marina was not among the guests.

The youngest of three fair sisters, and the most beautiful, Prince George's bride-elect radiated happiness, a veritable fairy-tale Princess, dowered with precious gifts; she has her mother's good looks, charm, intelligence, also her warm heart and powers of sympathy. During her brief moments in Paris she found time to visit humble friends of girlish days, to autograph a photograph for her old concierge, and to perform many other kind acts.

Much shopping was done, *not* ordering the trousseau—Queen Mary will be consulted first—but buying clothes for Scotland. "It will be cold there, I believe," said the Grand Duchess, "but wonderful. We long to see it."

So Princess Marina ordered a soft brown tweed suit, loosely made, with large pockets, and a green blouse, to wear with a beaver hat, a russet-hued Jersey cloth, with high-crowned velvet hat to match, also a dark brown tailor-made, with nutria collar, going with a brown felt of novel and becoming shape.

"Fate is Kind"

Although this is their first visit North, the Grand Duchess and Princess Marina know England well.

"Marina has always preferred England to any place," said her mother. "'I wish I could live in England,' she used to repeat. I would tell her, 'You will live where Fate ordains.' Now Fate has been very kind, my daughter will make a love-match, her fiancé is charming, and she will live in England; we are all so happy."

The Grand Duchess, tall, slender, graceful, was looking her best in a dark-blue gown, with lovely pearls. Her bright face clouded for a moment. "I shall miss my daughters dreadfully," she confessed, "but what a joy it will be to visit them and witness their happiness. No, the Prince and myself, we shall not leave Paris. We have good friends here, and our occupations."

The Grand Duchess's occupation is, of course, organising charities to alleviate the sufferings of exiled Russians. We talked of good works, and I told her about our own English patriot and philanthropist. She was much interested and declared, "That must be a noble and great-hearted Lady."

Golden September days here prolong the summer; occasionally, even, a horse-chestnut may be seen in vernal glory of leafage and blossom, as at Spring's coming. People seem gay and happy for the moment, but autumn is at hand with its, perhaps, troublous times. Trade has not improved, empty shops become more numerous, a popular restaurant in the Champs Elysées has closed, a big hotel bears the ominous sign, *vente après saisie*.

In the provinces, also, conditions are bad, and M. Doumergue's speech on unemployment, agricultural distress and high cost of living will cause discussion.

Meanwhile, advocates of devaluing the franc air their views: Patenôtre, millionaire newspaper proprietor (who favours bi-metallism) in the widely read *Petit Journal*, M. Montagnon in *l'Œuvre*, Paul Reynaud in the *Temps*. They argue that the forty-nine nations who abandoned the gold standard prosper, more or less, whilst France has lost foreign markets and tourist trade, as living is now so costly that even French people make holiday abroad. But the franc has powerful defenders.

The Rev. Prebendary Anstruther Cardew, Rural Dean for France, will be missed when he leaves the church to which his eloquence drew large congregations. He is a man of wide views and varied experiences, having lived in Canada and Australia and ranched in Wyoming. His great work, in Paris, was founding the "Theatre Girls' Hostel."

Years ago, English chorus girls (popular in Paris) were often lured from home on false pretences, and found themselves stranded in a foreign land. The chaplain of St. George's took up their cause. Soon it was made illegal to send abroad girls of tender years, the respectability of employers was investigated, and the young creatures found a happy refuge at the hostel.

The late Mrs. Cardew seconded her husband admirably. A charming woman, full of kindness and sympathy, she wore herself out in deeds of charity.

The opening meeting at Longchamp was smart but not crowded, Parisians being still mostly *en villégiature*. Cloudy weather provided a welcome change from heat, but summer dresses appeared, also autumn models. A blonde beauty wore Lucien Lelong's novel, full-skirted redingote, with a high felt hat. Princess Duleep Singh, in black, favoured a velvet cloche. Princess Murat, also in black, wore a large sailor hat.

The racing was exciting. A famous actress, rushing off to back an outsider, explained, "Baron de Rothschild is here, he never arrives early, *except to see his horse win*." She was right, and her gain was considerable.

The victory of Dulce delighted the youngest of racehorse owners, Miss Diana Esmond, who may be seen in the paddock feeding her favourites with sugar. Miss Pearl White is less fortunate; her horses, she declares, never win when she is present.

Can Britain Win Great Air Test Race?

By Oliver Stewart

A PART from the Schneider Trophy contests, no air race in history has been of the importance of the London-Australia event which is to start from Mildenhall Aerodrome, Suffolk, on October 20th, and that is why it is necessary that the public should recognise the exact significance of the event and be able to obtain a true interpretation of the results. There are two races, run concurrently—the speed race and the handicap race; but with the handicap race I am not now concerned. For the speed race there were something like thirty entrants, and it seems probable that there will be about twenty starters. They come from many different countries, notably France, Italy, Holland and America. Great Britain has four machines of new or specially modified design entered.

The essential interest of this race will lie in the way the British machines perform against the American and Dutch machines. I have said that the British machines were specially built or modified for the race, whereas the American and Dutch are closely related to standard productions such as are being used on the regular air lines in America. But it has been freely stated recently that British designers are incapable of building aircraft that can compete on level terms with American, Dutch and German machines. Certainly the American Douglas, the Dutch Pander and the German Heinkel are faster than any standard British types, even including military machines.

Probably the new Italian Breda, which has three British designed engines built by the famous Alfa-Romeo works, is faster than any standard British types. But the race will decide whether this difference is due to backwardness on the part of our manufacturing firms, or to some other cause such as official interference or the policy of British air transport companies.

Humiliation

It has been a little humiliating lately to be told at frequent intervals how much faster American machines are than British. It has been a little humiliating—especially after the Schneider Trophy successes of 1927, 1929 and 1931—to be told that British designers no longer know anything about speed in the air. But it has been impossible to make effective answer to these statements. Our air liners cruise at speeds of approximately 80 miles an hour less than the American. Our fastest military aeroplane in service in an R.A.F. squadron has a maximum speed of between five and ten miles an hour less than the maximum speed of certain American and German civil air liners. Our fastest heavy bomber is reputed to be (though here no official figures are available) fifty miles an hour slower than the fastest American bomber.

No wonder the Americans laugh at our aeroplanes! But now comes the opportunity to put their claims to the proof. It is admitted that the three De Havilland Comets upon which the main hopes of this country will rest are specially built for the race, whereas the American machines are standard air liners but slightly modified. Nevertheless, if one of those Comets can positively and publicly defeat all those American and other foreign machines, the competence of our designers will be proved and an important step will have been taken to break the belief that undoubtedly prevails abroad and is being sedulously fostered by our commercial competitors, that Britain is lagging behind in the quality of her air material.

The Vital Test

A great deal more than a victory in a fine sporting contest rests upon the results of this race. It will constitute a public demonstration of design and manufacturing skill no less than of ability in piloting. The British machines are all of them in the hands of highly skilled pilots; indeed, the best long distance pilots we possess. Consequently the crux of the matter will be the behaviour of the machines.

There have been attempts to suggest that some of our foreign competitors will seek to evade the rules of the contest as to the taking off and climbing powers of the aeroplanes they enter. Such suggestions are to be deprecated. They have no foundation in fact; nor is there any reason to suspect that deliberate trickery will be employed by any of the competitors in the race. And, in any case, with a course of 11,323 miles the advantage to be gained by over-riding the I.C.A.N. take-off regulations is not likely to be decisive. Suggestions that foreign competitors are likely to evade regulations will be of no assistance to this country whether she wins or loses. They merely cast doubt upon our sportsmanship.

It is better therefore to set out to win this race by every means in our power permitted by the regulations, and to leave the enforcement of the regulations upon our competitors to the officials to whom that duty is entrusted. Our chances appear to be reasonably good. The first of the three Comets has flown and has behaved well in the air. Naturally it would be an advantage if there was more time to prepare the machines; but it is the condition of all racing that there never is enough time to prepare the machines. The Airspeed machine, which is also entered for the speed race, although it will almost certainly be less fast than the Comets, is likely to be thoroughly trustworthy.

So the race will be a trial of strength between British aviation and the aviations of all other countries.

Bringing M.P.'s to Heel

By Dorothy Crisp

A SHORT time ago there was a Government reception, to which were invited many supporters of the India White Paper, as well as persons from the Union of Britain and India. But not a single Member of Parliament was asked who is opposed to the White Paper proposals. Sir Alfred Knox took up the matter and wrote to the responsible quarter. He was, of course, blandly assured that there was nothing to explain; the discrimination was accidental—non-existent. Topsy herself was not more naïvely innocent in her statement that she "just grewed."

Actually, social ostracism has become a favourite method of trying to bring M.P.'s to heel. The cut direct from Government Whips was the reward of the earliest opponents of the White Paper, and more than one recalcitrant Member has found himself shut out from Parliamentary golf, or whatnot, for daring to express an opinion contrary to the official desire. The so-called splendour of democracy, the glory of the freely elected representatives of the people, is in practice reduced to the most trifling pettiness of the kindergarten.

If withheld invitations were the only penalty imposed on honest opinion, the matter, in its contemptible smallmindedness, might be ignored, but there is far more to be told. Place and honours are, of course, forfeited by those who will not kowtow to the party machine, and every conceivable small trick of procedure is advanced against offenders.

"Cabined, Cribbed, Confined"

"Don't go into the House of Commons if you want to do anything or get anything done," a young Conservative Member said to me, after one year in the House. "You'll be hampered and impeded at every turn. The only work that can be done is up and down the country. For instance, you can do Navy propaganda in the country, and wake everyone up to the realities of the situation and the danger we are in, but if you attempt to do that in the House you will be informed that you are speaking against the treaty of 192-something or other, and be called upon to sit down, on a point of order. Then if you attempt to make sure that the earlier blunders will not be repeated or made worse, and ask the Minister to assure you that at the next conference no more concessions will be made, you are told that you are committing an offence by attempting to discuss a treaty not yet made. So there's nothing to be done, and it's all a depressing waste of time."

Nor are all Members of Parliament free even to attempt to express their own views. It is far from generally realised, but it is none the less a fact that, apart altogether from the question of financial assistance at elections, nearly one hundred of the six hundred and fifteen representatives of constituencies are bound by their particular job to the

Government point of view. Whether they be Ministers, private secretaries, or so forth, loyalty and self-interest alike prevent the least show of independence.

Moreover, since Mr. Baldwin vastly increased the importance of the Whips, by the innovation of promoting through them, thus greatly reinforcing the Party stranglehold on the individual, the methods of suppressing independence have grown and grown. Where the election expenses of a troublesome person are paid by the party (and few now are entirely independent) a party official will arrive in his constituency, for instance, and say to his agent and committee, "Of course, so-and-so is a very good fellow, but we have an even better man up our sleeves, who would be rather more pleasing to headquarters, and who would contribute far more heavily to local funds. Why don't you adopt him as candidate at the next election?" And, unless the sitting Member is of more than average popularity, so it is.

Be A Sport

An appeal to traditional "decent conduct" is another very favourite method of silencing the unwary. A Member gives notice that he intends to ask a very pertinent question. The Whip arrives, pats him on the shoulder, and says, "Now my dear fellow, the Minister asked me to tell you that he agrees with you entirely. Indeed, he very much admires the form of your question, but I do assure you that it would be most inopportune if you were to put it next Wednesday. Will you agree not to put it then, and we'll see you have a much better opportunity later. After all, my dear fellow, the Minister does agree with you, and he is working fifteen hours a day. Is it cricket to embarrass him?" In nine cases out of ten the Member succumbs to these blandishments, and of course, another opportunity does not arise.

But even were all these checks and impediments to individual Members removed, reformers would still have far to go before the voice of a free Parliament really helped to govern the land. For Mr. Lloyd George, who at least is a clever person, hit on the truth that it does not particularly matter what party is in office if men of one's own opinion staff the now so powerful permanent services, and a Conservative Minister (were there one) could be greatly hindered by delays, a subtle lack of co-operation, and the like from Liberal and Radical civil servants.

Yet, even when all this is considered and admitted, does not grave fault still lie with each individual Member of Parliament? In the last resort, coercion flourishes only with the consent of the coerced, and what in the wide world was to prevent the young Member who urged me to "stay out of the House and do propaganda up and down the country," from doing such propaganda himself, and using his position in the House as a great additional advantage?

Sailor Prince Who Served England

By Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

IT is time that some tribute should be paid to the man who did more than anyone else to bring the Royal Navy up to the standard of efficiency which enabled us to emerge successfully in the war for sea communications from 1914 to 1918, for very few people are aware of the incalculable services that Prince Louis performed during the whole of his naval career.

It is impossible in a short article to describe all of his work, but amongst the many improvements that he succeeded in bringing into being for the benefit of the British Navy are the following:

The Intelligence Department, which, under his guidance, rose from being of practically no account to be the best organisation of its kind in the world; the insurance of merchant shipping in war time, which saved us from starvation in the Great War; the organisation of the Home Fleets, so that they would be ready at any moment for an attack from across the North Sea; and, finally, when the Cabinet had gone for their week-end holiday at the end of July, 1914, Prince Louis, on his own initiative, cancelled the demobilisation of our Fleet, and thus prevented us from entering the War at a great disadvantage.

Malice and Envy

One of the greatest blows inflicted on the Allied cause at the beginning of the Great War was the acceptance by the Government of the resignation of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg. It was natural that he should offer to resign on account of the attacks made on him by a few jealous officers who envied the great confidence which had always been placed in him and his advice by succeeding Boards of Admiralty and all the Commanders-in-Chief under whom he had served, but it was a foolish and short-sighted act of the authorities to accept it.

At the commencement of the Great War, Prince Louis was the only Senior Officer in authority who estimated correctly the danger of the enemy submarine against our sea communications in commerce and, also, the power of aircraft in reducing the great damage that the enemy U-boats might do to us and to our Allies.

There was also propaganda sent over from Germany to assist his enemies in England in discrediting him by insinuating that he was a German spy, as the German Naval Staff well knew what an advantage it would be to them if Prince Louis was removed from his position as First Sea Lord. The Senior Officer in His Majesty's Navy, the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord John Hay, wrote, on November 1st 1914, a letter strongly condemning the slanders against the First Sea Lord, whom he described as

one of the ablest all-round men in the Navy at the present time—and I think that when the whole Navy

is employed in blockading the fleet of the enemy, it is greatly to our advantage to have in such an officer the most uniformly successful handler of ships and squadrons when during so many years of manoeuvres it was found impossible to keep him in a tight place. . . . The British public has been "got at." Awful to contemplate, Britannia is having her leg pulled! But whence the source of these indefinite mutterings? Obviously it is German—and it has been well done, because a fabric has been raised that has not an iota of foundation. What proofs are the Battenberg family to afford to satisfy the country of their loyalty? The brother of Prince Louis died in the war in West Africa, and now his nephew, Prince Maurice, has been killed in fighting the battle of Great Britain. It seems to me that it is time for the British public to put down its foot and effectually smother these aspersions on the character and conduct of one of the ablest servants of the Crown.

This quotation is taken from a host of letters, all of which deplore the attack made on the officer who had done more towards the efficiency and advancement of the British Navy than any other officer of his time.

Wandering Childhood

With regard to the accusations of his enemies that he had German sympathies, it must be remembered that Prince Louis was of mixed blood. His father was a Hessian, and he was born and brought up in the days when there was no German Empire in existence; his mother was a Russian Pole; and in previous generations there was French and Flemish blood. His childhood was spent, before he entered the British Navy, partly in Austria, in North Italy, and for a while in Hesse, and consequently it was easy and natural for him to grow into and become part of the country which had adopted him, and so he grew up, and continued to be, a Briton with a wide understanding of other nations.

Having served as his Flag-Captain, Chief of the Staff, and Second in Command in two other ships, and also in a Naval Brigade, I was extremely pleased when his relatives asked me to write an account of his life's work in order to show to the British public the great services which Prince Louis had rendered to the country of his adoption. I have done my best, and I hope that the book about to be published will not only show to all his British countrymen and countrywomen the great services he rendered to our country in the past, but will also assist his followers in the Royal Navy, who will be able to read his clear reasoning on a variety of problems with which they will, once more, have to deal, and thus enable them to keep on the narrow and difficult path that leads to efficiency.

My cordial thanks are due to Mr. Philip László de Lombos for allowing me to give with this article a reproduction of his excellent portrait of Prince Louis.

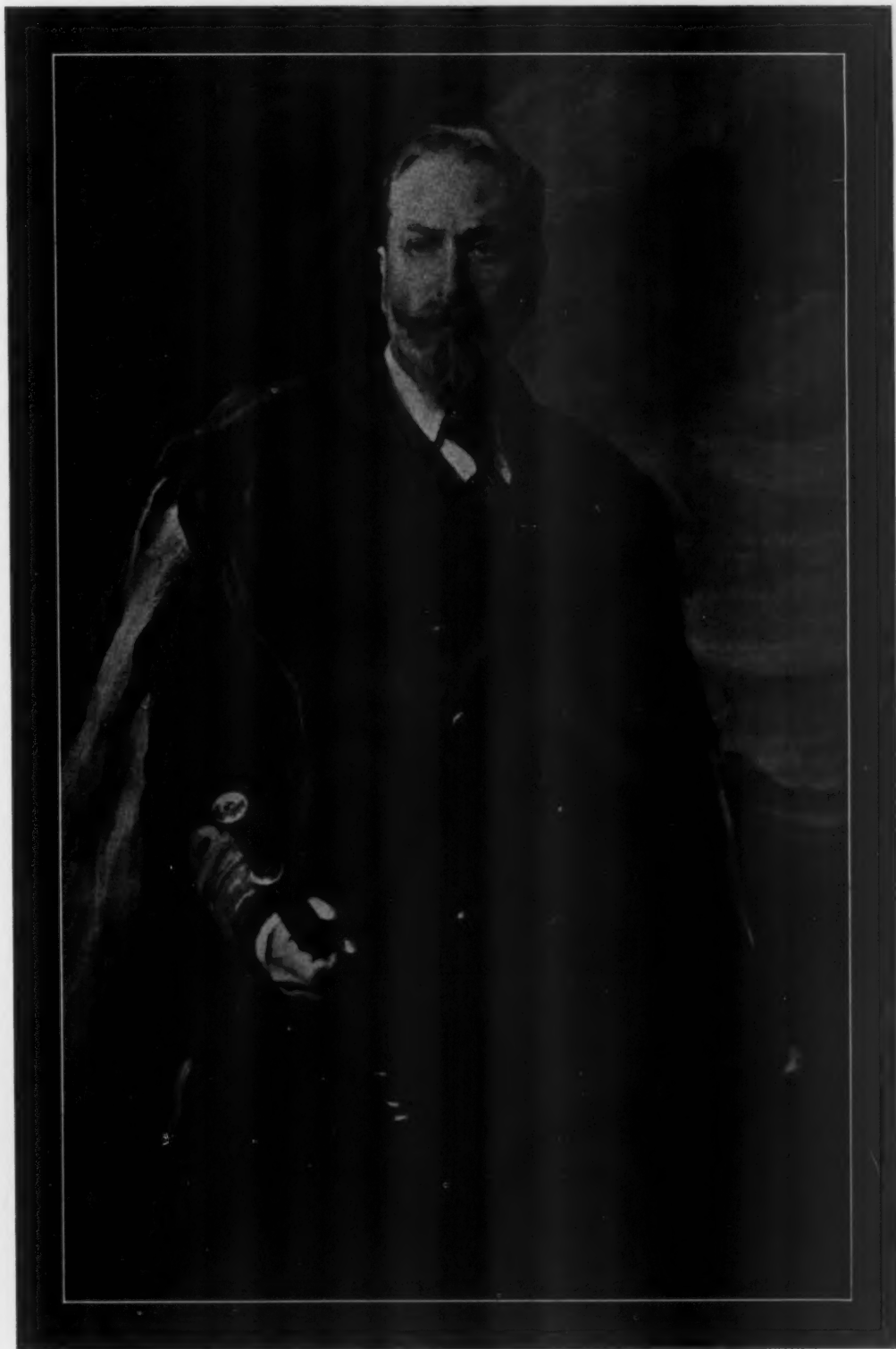
Sailor Prince Who Served England

By [illegible]

[The body of the page contains several paragraphs of text that are extremely faded and illegible. The text appears to be a biographical account of a sailor prince who served England.]

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

Admiral of the Fleet



National Portrait Gallery

An organiser of victory whose patriotism was ungratefully ignored

RACING

Happy Omen of the Yearling Sales

By David Learmonth

THE result of the Doncaster Sales must be highly encouraging to everyone connected with the sport. A total of approximately 299,000 guineas was reached, which is 110,000 guineas more than last year, a remarkable increase in so short a period.

The Newmarket Sales earlier on gave an indication of what to expect, though not even the most optimistic hoped for such improvement as actually took place. The Irish Sales at Ballsbridge were also an improvement on the last few years, though only a small one. But English buyers were not conspicuous there. Owing to Mr. de Valera's folly, they are turning their attention more towards France where, in spite of the adverse exchange, bargains can be picked up.

In fact, the bloodstock breeding position in that country is in sharp contrast to its healthy condition over here. The recent Deauville sales—the premier yearling sales of France—were a complete failure and were only saved from absolute disaster by British buyers. Nor has American bloodstock recovered much of its lost ground. At the yearling sales at Saratoga Springs recently there was an increase of only ten per cent. over last year's prices.

Now there is much more in all this than meets the eye, for the price of yearlings is a pretty accurate barometer of the state of trade in the country. In 1927, the peak year since the war, nearly £400,000 was realised at the Doncaster September sales. In 1928, when we were beginning to feel the effects of the world depression, the figure began to fall, and it continued to do so until the lowest total of rather less than 145,000 guineas was reached in 1931.

Barometer of Prosperity

Since then there has been a small upward trend each year, but nothing like the leap in prices which was recorded recently. It is, therefore, fair to assume that the remarkable advance in values is a sign of greatly increased prosperity in English industry as a whole. These observations may seem outside the province of a racing correspondent, but actually they are not. For racing, though a necessity for the breeding of the best bloodstock if the industry is taken as a whole, is a luxury for individuals. The inference, therefore, is that more people will go racing next season.

This in itself is a most important matter for the sport, for the greater the patronage from the public the better the fare that can be provided. Moreover, with increased revenue racecourse executives will not only be able to provide better prize money but will be justified in carrying out improvements which will add to the comfort of their patrons. If the improvement which is foreshadowed is maintained, a great many schemes for the remodelling

of stands and the provision of extra amenities, which have been shelved for financial reasons, will be put into practice. It is possible, also, that prices of admission will be lowered.

The totalisator, which so far has not proved the success that was anticipated, will benefit greatly from the increased attendances. Nevertheless, I hardly think it can earn enough profits to achieve the ideals which were originally aimed at, unless the Government revises the authorising Statute and removes some of the restrictions under which the Betting Control Board at present labours.

A Strange Bugbear

Given a fair deal, there is no reason why the totalisator should not contribute a substantial annual sum to racing, breeding, and charities. Unfortunately, the original Bill, which was very carefully worked out by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell and other able racing men and was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Ralph Glyn, was mutilated out of all recognition in committee by canting Liberals and self-seeking politicians of other parties, who were terrified of that strange bugbear, the Nonconformist vote. Faced with overwhelming arguments, they said in effect: "We know this beehive has got to come; but we can probably avoid being stung if we make certain it can never be habitable."

Yet, though I may be alone in this respect, I see hope for the totalisator. The Nonconformist conscience seems less formidable than hitherto—or, rather, politicians seem less afraid of it. I think that if an attack is made in the near future some concessions may be gained. The most important will be permission to establish offices such as those of the *Pari-Mutuel Urbain* in Paris, where bets may be accepted away from the course. At present this can only be done through private enterprise. Then, with increasing public prosperity, some tangible benefits may be passed on to the various branches of the industry which were to share in the profits.

But I do not think these benefits will ever be very great. In the first place, the bookmakers will continue to handle the big money transactions, and I personally do not see why these perfectly reputable members of society should be deprived of their livelihood by any arbitrary act.

Secondly, our racecourses are not geographically situated to provide enormous totalisator profits. They are too scattered and, with the possible exception of Newmarket, do not have enough racing days in the year to earn big dividends on the capital expenditure involved by the most up-to-date machinery.

Nevertheless, the future is brighter than it has been for the past five years.

Pony and Trap

Memories of a Forgotten Pastime

By J. D. U. W.

THOUGH interest in riding has revived and Schools of Equitation have sprung up in all polite residential districts, driving—driving with a pony and trap—is a forgotten pastime, a forgotten mode of travel. There will be no revival of interest in such driving during this age of swift cars and glassy-surfaced roads.

To many of us, some still young, it seems scarcely possible to imagine a childhood in which the words shaft, whipple-tree, breeching (pronounced britchen), belly-band, trace, crupper and tirret have no part.

During nursery years we were driven in a tubby governess cart. When school days came we were driven to the station in a high dog-cart at the beginning of the term: on leaving home we could hide our unhappy faces while adjusting trunk and tuck box and sliding the seat to obtain the correct balance.

It was the pony and trap, again, that took us to the dentist, and we always drove to the nearer point-to-point race meetings. Ratting and badger digging expeditions also meant a drive—spades, mattocks and pick-axes being stowed in the back of the cart, while the terriers sat whining with excitement under the seat. Driving, with pony and trap, was a part of country life about which we thought little: it was essential, so we took it for granted.

Art of Driving

A pony is a sensate creature, giving travel a lively something which is wholly lacking when one drives by motor car. We learned, when the load was heavy, that we should jump down and walk up steep hills, keeping our hands the while upon the points of the shafts to re-adjust the difference in the balance caused by our leaving the seat. We learned that, when an impatient, spirited pony had to be held in town while someone shopped, then it was better to turn his head away from, rather than towards, home.

Driving on a pleasant day at any season of the year was delightful, but the limitations of an open trap were keenly felt if we had to go fifteen miles in an east wind. Nor was there much joy to be derived from a journey in very heavy rain when the cushions of the seat became a soggy mass holding pools of water just where we sat.

Snow and ice on the roads, though not necessarily a cause of discomfort, often brought thrills to those who drove. In time of snow we greased the inside of our ponies' hooves to prevent "balling," that is, the formation of snowballs round the frogs of their feet. When ice made the roads dangerous we took a pony to the blacksmith and had him "roughed," sharp nails which would grip the ice being driven through his shoes into the horn of his hooves.

Even so, we only drove "sensible" ponies in time of ice. It was bad enough to have a quiet pony down, for there was always the risk of broken knees and smashed shafts, but a wild youngster or a nervous mare in such circumstances was infinitely worse, especially if the harness had to be undone before matters could be righted.

The coming of motor cars did not increase the pleasures of the road for those who still drove a pony and trap. The liveliest ponies, those one most enjoyed driving under normal circumstances, did not always take kindly to the motors. In the dark, too, the headlights of cars proved a recurrent nightmare.

It was but natural that those who travelled in traps should prefer the soft gleam of their candle lamps.

Ah, Ichabod! Ponies and traps have nearly all gone. Roads are black and deadly hard, with surfaces like burnished iron. Cars travel far and fast about the land, but drivers and passengers sit low: no longer may they see, as we who drove in high carts could see, the woods and fields of England.

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Who is the General?

IT is easy to present almost any historical subject from an interested point of view, and indeed it may be admitted that it is difficult for even the most impartial historian to be absolutely free from bias, especially when dealing with his own times, but such a writer will not consciously be propagandist.

Now, here is a book, published a fortnight ago or so and already making quite a stir, which is obviously of the propagandist type. It is entitled "The Berlin Diaries: the Private Journals of a General in the German War Ministry" (Jarrolds, 18s.).

In the main, these diaries purport to be a record of conversations, not always first-hand, of gossip, charges, criticisms and other expressions of German opinion, as well as revelations of the secret intrigues in German politics, during the period extending from the fall of Dr. Brüning's Government in July, 1932, to the accession to power of Herr Hitler on the disappearance of the von Schleicher Cabinet on January 30, 1933.

The extraordinary thing is that while it is not only the evident intention of the General to discredit Hitler and Hitler's predecessors, Papen and Schleicher, it is also his plain purpose to belaud the Communists. He disparages Hindenburg, the Junkers, the Social Democrats and the Nazis alike; he has praise for the Communists alone.

Still at his Post

In a Foreword, Dr. Klotz, the editor of the book, tells us that it is the work of a "German War Office General," with whom he had been exchanging political views during the "critical years." He also says that the General still occupies his post, "simply in order not to lose the effective weapon of his high position, simply in order to remain able to co-operate on the spot in overcoming Hitlerism, and not as a result of an inner change of conviction. He," the editor continues, "externally fulfils certain formalities which the Brown system now imposes on Germans of every grade."

In fact, an honest, sincere and loyal sort of man! What a splendid fellow! Who is he? That he exists, or at any rate existed in 1933, and is not merely a fiction, appears to be guaranteed by the references, scattered throughout the volume, to his close connection with the German Army, to reviews of the Reichswehr he attended, to visits he paid to factories turning out guns, tanks, aeroplanes and poison gases in prodigious quantities—as if there had never been the Versailles Treaty.

It is not too much to say that the General makes the most sensational disclosures yet published respecting Germany's plans and preparations for the next war. The wonder is that any German General would in any circumstances give them away. Again, who is he?

Mr. Mowrer, whose famous book, "Germany Puts the Clock Back," performed a real public service, supplies an Introduction to these diaries. Did he know who this amazing General was?

R.M.

A Book of Escapes

Captain H. C. Armstrong, who edits "On the Run," published by Rich & Cowan (9s.), himself escaped from a Turkish prison. He has collected the stories of various officers and men of all nationalities, and brought them together in one volume.

There is a glamour about escaping from a war prison that catches everyone's imagination. The difficulties are extreme, since disguise and language alone are often insuperable bars to effective concealment. But several people have done it.

This book has no lack of excitement. Every page is a thriller in miniature and, since truth is always more interesting than fiction in these matters, the human element makes for added excitement. It is impossible to read these pages without a real thrill, and one marvels at the ingenuity and courage of men who made the attempt. In some cases, it must have needed a coolness and judgment almost beyond the scope of human achievement.

Mr. Noel Coward's Plays

MR. NOEL COWARD writes an interesting and characteristic introduction to an omnibus volume containing seven of what he considers the most representative of his plays ("Play Parade," Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

The plays selected for this collected edition are "Cavalcade," "Bitter Sweet," "The Vortex," "Hay Fever," "Design for Living," "Private Lives" and "Post Mortem."

The last is the only one of the seven that has not yet been produced. It was written, Mr. Coward says, "primarily as a gesture to myself" and now he finds the gesture "slightly more jejune than I bargained for." "Bitter Sweet," he tells us, has given him more complete satisfaction than anything else he has yet written. "Cavalcade" was not a heroic inspiration, but was the result simply of a long-cherished ambition to write "a big play on a big scale" and of coming across a back number of the *Illustrated London News* with a photograph of a troopship leaving for the Boer War.

Italian Studies

Mr. Edward Armstrong, of Queen's College, Oxford, was the chief English authority on the Italy of Dante and the Italy of the Renaissance, and his learning found expression rather in the spoken word than by the vehicle of books.

His "Italian Studies" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), republished from various periodicals, bear witness to the depth and extent of his erudition. The Dante Studies are the most convincing and supply a historical setting to the *Divina Commedia* which will be precious to all students. They are the more valuable for the self-control of their style, and, if perhaps the reader may sometimes find himself longing for a few words about the supremacy of Dante's poetical genius, he has only to turn to the poems themselves.

The Idealist Mechanic

A SMALL boy once asked the late Sir Henry Royce to write his name in an autograph book. The result was: "Henry Royce mechanic."

Sir Henry was a mechanic on the grand scale, who was also an idealist. He had a hatred of the shoddy and the ugly; nothing but the best would ever satisfy him. Mechanics claimed all his working hours; his sole other passion, gardening, could only be indulged in what might justly be called odd moments, for he was known to plant roses at night with the aid of a trailing electric light flex.

This, of course, was in his later days when prosperity had come to him. In his childhood he had been employed scaring crows or selling newspapers and had often gone short of food. He had no more than two years' schooling, but as an apprentice in the railway workshops at Peterborough he began to teach himself all there was to learn about electricity and at the age of 21 he had set himself up with a partner in a business of making dynamos and electric cranes.

It was not till he had reached the age of 40, in the year 1903, that Royce began to turn his attention to the motor-car. He then bought a French car and this so frequently let him down that he proceeded to improve on it by designing a car of his own. This new model gained a gold medal and a diploma at the Paris Salon and was incidentally the means of bringing him into contact with the Hon. C. S. Rolls. This was the

beginning of the great triumvirate—Rolls, Royce and Claude Johnson—which was to make the name of Rolls-Royce famous throughout the world.

Though Rolls was one of the great pioneers of flying, Royce could not be persuaded to interest himself in aviation till Rolls was dead and the War had begun. When, however, his interest was once aroused in air mechanics, he threw himself into the business of turning out aero engines with all his accustomed thoroughness. As a consequence, his Company could claim at the end of the War that no less than five-eighths of the engines used in British fighting aeroplanes had been made by them.

Sir Max Pemberton, who has just written a notable biography of Royce ("The Life of Sir Henry Royce," Selwyn and Blount, 18s.), furnishes us with many illuminating sidelights on the character of this modest, retiring genius.

His increasing insistence upon perfection, according to Mr. Handley Page, led to a friendly conspiracy to keep him out of the factory at Derby.

It might have come to an absolute impasse if he had gone on. Nothing would have been good enough for him and nothing would have been made. So you would have had a great factory with everybody doing little else than scrapping individual efforts.

When his final illness overtook him and he was lying in bed, he listened, stop-watch in hand, to the roaring of the engines that won the Schneider Trophy outright. "Calshot presently confirmed his timing and said it could have been no more reliable had he stood with his great mechanics and engineers at the winning post."



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A White Ranees's Memoirs

THERE is a delightful frankness about the memoirs of Her Highness the Ranees Margaret of Sarawak ("Good Morning and Good Night," Constable, 15s.).

She makes no pretence about the nature of her marriage to the late Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke. There was no romance about it. Sir Charles' uncle, the first Rajah Brooke, had, before his death, advised his nephew to go Home and marry his rich widowed cousin, Mrs. de Windt. The nephew visited the cousin, but proposed to her daughter Margaret and this is how the proposal was made. She was playing the piano:—

The Rajah sat down on a chair near me and laid a rather grubby little piece of paper on the keys. It was scrawled over in pencil. "Read that," he said. I looked at him in some astonishment, picked up the paper and found these words:

With a humble demean
If the King were to pray
That You'd be his Queen
Would not you say Nay?

I read the words to myself and they made me laugh. I went on laughing, for I imagined he meant them for a joke and wanted to amuse me. "Don't laugh," he said rather crossly, "I mean every word of it."

She adds that she does not imagine the poor dear man could ever have been madly in love with her. He merely thought she would do very well for Sarawak. On her side she respected him and admired his achievements, but was never in love with him.

I imagined that in marrying him I might perhaps be of some help to him and become of some use in the world in which, up to that time, I had played so insignificant a part.

No Wedding Night Dinner

The Sarawak revenues at that time were apparently somewhat meagre. The Rajah did not intend to strain them by undue extravagance, and even on their wedding night he thought a dinner would be too expensive. So they had a scratch meal instead.

Thus very prosaically this union began. Its results appear to have been singularly happy: mutual respect and affection between the two parties to it, the ensuring of the Sarawak succession and a strengthening of the ties that bound the Ruler to his people. The Ranees accompanied the Rajah everywhere, even on punitive expeditions into the interior, and while the Rajah was busy with the chiefs, she established friendly relations with their wives.

"Throughout my life," she tells us, "friends have proved the important thing in it," and one can well believe that this has been the case. At well over eighty her memoirs reveal in her, not only a keen sense of humour, a wide range of interests and great mental alertness, but a kindly sympathetic temperament and charitableness of outlook that are well calculated to win and retain human friendships. Among the more famous names that appear in her pages are those of Pierre Loti, de Maupassant, Burne Jones, Swinburne, Henry James and W. H. Hudson.

Barlow's Journal

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT have now published the second volume of the Journal so religiously kept and so beautifully illustrated by that 17th century mariner, Edward Barlow.

The Journal (transcribed by Mr. Basil Lubbock), covers the years 1659-1703.

In the present volume, Barlow tells us of his experiences with the famous pirate, Captain Kidd. On one occasion while in temporary command of the "Septer," whose Captain had died, Barlow was the means of saving the Mocha Fleet from Kidd's unpleasant attentions and he had hoped that his services in this connection would meet with due recognition from his owners and the East India Company.

I did not in the least doubt but that the owners, through the Company's desire, would have settled me in the command of the same ship again. But instead of that, for self-interest, they put another commander over my head. Nay, some of the owners were so base that they would not pay the ship's doctor. . . . And I being liable to arrest about the doctor's wages, Captain Heath (one of the owners) refused to be my bail unless I would give him two guineas, which the old knave had the conscience to ask. . . . But it pleased God to answer their expectations according to some of their deserts, for the next voyage the ship went out and, coming home, was cast away in the Bristol Channel through unskillfulness.

The Early Days of John Company

Barlow also gives us some interesting details regarding the condition of the Company's affairs in India. He mentions that the English had had to abandon their settlements up the Hugly and had for a time established a factory at "Chetygonug." This venture also proving unprofitable, the factors were at last "all forced to go away for Madras."

Neither did they speed much better at Surat and that coast of India, for it was but an unwise undertaking for our East India Company, with a handful of men and money, to go to make wars with one of the greatest monarchs in the world, who, although not so well versed in war and manage (of) guns, yet had men enough to have eaten up all the Company's servants for a breakfast.

The second volume ends with an account of the great storm of November 26, 1703, in which 15 men of war, 300 merchantmen and upwards of 6,000 seamen were lost at sea and enormous damage was done on land.

Barlow's comment on this storm is characteristic of this God-fearing old salt, who never tired of airing his grievances about his life at sea, much as he obviously loved it.

I pray God we may all repent, for doubtless it was a warning of God's anger against us, for a worse generation can scarce be in all wickedness; for no man values his word or promise or matters what he doth or saith, so that he can but gain and defraud his neighbour. All commanders and masters are grown up with pride and oppression and tyranny. I want words to lay out the business and unworthy dealings of many men I have met with, not acting like Christians.

One must be grateful to Mr. Basil Lubbock for having rescued this remarkable sea Journal from the obscurity in which it had so long lain.

A Swan Song of the Sea

GRADUALLY all the old sailing ships are disappearing. A few, like the old "Cutty Sark" for instance, find an honourable resting-place as a training establishment for the young idea, but most go to the ship breakers. Modern developments, with all the ugliness of smoke stacks and oily tracks on the water, have at last ousted these lovely old ships, and the few that do still remain on the Australian grain run are fast disappearing.

There is, probably, no sight quite so magnificent as a full-rigged ship. They were always built with lovely lines, and they carried themselves with a stateliness which always added to their beauty. Very, very occasionally, one may still be seen at sea, rolling a little to the swell, and with the water creaming away from her bows as she pursues her effortless course.

Herr Heinrich Hauser joined the s.s. "Pamir" on her voyage from Hamburg to Talcahuano. In his book "Fair Winds and Foul" (Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.) he describes the passage with all the love that these ships engender in the hearts of seafarers. The description is graphic and vivid, and written in the form of a log. There is almost a touch of Conrad about it, though just at times the simplicity of the writing disappears into something not unlike journalese.

Luckily, these lapses are very few and far between, and the book as a whole stands out by its sincerity and obvious admiration of the old clippers and the age for which they stood.

But the photographs are by far the best part of this book. Herr Hauser is a professional photographer and he knows how to get the real impression of life aboard a clipper into his pictures. They are exquisite little vignettes of the real thing, of expressions on the faces of the men as they go to work, of parts of the ships, of storm and calm. He has managed to express the whole life of a sailing ship in a few photographs.

Occasionally, the translation falters. Masts, yards, sails, etc., are given wrong names, and there is a flavour of land about such words as "room" for "cabin," "stairs" for "ladder" and such like. But after all, these are tiny blemishes against the majesty of the subject and the spirit in which the book has been written.

A Civil Servant Remembers

Sir Charles Walker, whose signature must be familiar to thousands of young Naval officers on their commissions, has written a short book of memoirs on his career, "Thirty-Six Years at the Admiralty," by Sir Charles Walker (Lincoln Williams, 6s.).

Sir Charles was Deputy Secretary to the Admiralty when he retired, and during his time, he saw the drastic administrative changes wrought by Lord Fisher and others. He was there throughout the war period, and the difference in internal organisation between his first appointment and his final retirement must have been considerable.

It is, perhaps, a pity that Sir Charles's book is not more detailed on these points,

An Elizabethan Translator

As Miss Frances Yates truly says in her preface to John Florio; *The Life of an Italian in Shakespeare's England* (Cambridge University Press, 15s.), the lives of most Elizabethans have yet to be written. By her careful study of the life of the translator of Montaigne's *Essays*, she has rendered an undoubted service to students of that period.

Beginning with a portrait of John's father, Michael Angelo Florio, she traces the career of her subject through various perplexing phases.

Of great interest are his relations with Shakespeare, and Miss Yates research should help materially to clear up this controversial question.

The book is a most conscientious work, carefully indexed, with an excellent bibliography, and ample footnotes and deserves a permanent place on the shelf of anyone who wishes to study these times.

The Wines of Burgundy

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN has treated his subject—"Burgundy" (Constable's Wine Library, 5s.)—from the historical angle as much as from that of the connoisseur pure and simple, a method which has much to recommend it. In consequence his book should appeal to many who do not themselves pretend to be great wine lovers.

The Englishman who appreciates good Burgundy, however, will find much essential information, particularly as to the exact system of classification, always confusing to foreigners who have not visited the district. Mr. Gwynn's book makes everything perfectly clear, and the man who seeks to know exactly what he is buying could not do better than consult these pages.

The author, however, has given us no mere list of statistics, but has described the life of the *vignerons* in the various *communes* with vividness and sympathy. It seems that, in common with all other departments of agriculture, the production of wine is not as lucrative as it used to be and the majority have a struggle to make ends meet. Many of the younger men have already migrated to the towns, but there are others, and always will be, who scorn to leave what they regard as their natural heritage.

Mr. Gwynn writes with the enthusiasm of the true wine-lover:

There are those for whom, in memory, wine figures only as the pleasant and appropriate accompaniment to an exquisite meal; there are others—and I own myself of them—for whom eaten meat is soon forgotten, even if it were the *jambon des ducs* at the *Trois Faisans*, but who keep in lasting remembrance the bracing tang of a Grand Chablis, the subtler charm of a Montrachet, with odours fresh as a breeze off gorze blossom, the firm comforting salutation of such a Corton as I drank at Sautenay, like the grasp of a friendly hand, or the velvety sweetness of a Chambertin, perfumed yet not cloying, majestic as its crimson robe, which without violence enters in and takes possession, filling the brain with a solemn music.

His book, once read, will be remembered like the bouquet of a noble wine.

D. L. L.

Novels for the Library List

A Negress' Death Spell

We are now well into the autumn publishing season and new novels are coming upon us thick and fast. Many of the best of these are by American writers.

One which is both bewildering and fascinating is William March's "Come in at the Door" (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.). It bewilders because one cannot quite understand the constant interventions of an off-stage creation of the author's called "The Whisperer." But the story is a beautifully written one and, apart from "The Whisperer," there is no obscurity about it. It deals with the psychological effect of a grim childhood incident on the mind of the hero. The title of the story is taken from a Negro Spiritual, and one of the principal characters is a Negress nurse whose "death spell" is responsible for the incident mentioned. The scene is laid in the Mississippi Delta.

Adventure and Beauty

Another American tale is Thomas Bell's "Striker Godown" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Bell scored considerable success with his first novel "Equestrian Portrait" and the new book should help to confirm the reputation he has already made for himself. The very first sentence prepares us for what is to follow: "Striker Godown" left home one spring night to seek adventure and beauty. 'I know what I want,' he said, 'and I am going to find it.' The search brought this young American many somewhat disappointing experiences, and he goes back eventually whence he started, but he found love and the ambition and ability to write, so the net result was not all disillusionment.

A Travel Romance

An unusual type of novel is Maureen Fleming's "Days of Wine and Roses" (Selwyn and Blount, 10s. 6d.). It concerns a visit to Spain by a young girl who suddenly came into a legacy of a thousand pounds. She takes as her companion, a French milliner, who pilots her run-about car for her gaily but perilously. The pair have amusing as well as romantic adventures, and the author, in setting these out for us, also manages to pack into her story much detailed information about the legends, history and art of Spain, besides giving us delightful pictures of scenes and places. The book is effectively illustrated with photographs of famous paintings.

Two Lives

Freud's theory of the unconscious provides the basis of Julian Green's "The Dreamer" (translated from the French by Vyvyan Holland, Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). Here we have two parallel lives of the same young man, the one the actual life, an unsatisfying one for the hero, the other the more appealing sub-conscious one created by his imagination. The art of the book consists in making the imaginary life as realistic to the reader as it is to the hero. A clever and interesting psychological study, but hardly to everyone's taste.

Amusing Extravaganza

A hilarious extravaganza is Thorne Smith's "The Bishop's Jaegers" (Barker, 7s. 6d.). Imagine a party of New Yorkers consisting of a young business man, his fiancée, his lady secretary, a pickpocket, an ex-artists' model and a bishop, all landed from a ferry steamer caught in a sea-fog into a nudist colony and being forced to doff their clothing entirely—with the exception of the bishop who is permitted to retain his "jaegers"—and you have a situation clearly of endless possibilities. The author makes the most of them and his story is one long laugh.

Short Story Collections

For those who like the short story, an excellent companion when leisure for reading is brief, there are two admirably satisfying collections just published. One is entitled "Altogether" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) and comprises some thirty short stories by W. Somerset Maugham, including that masterpiece, "Rain," which first appeared as long ago as 1919. Mr. Maugham has made the selection of the stories himself, and he introduces them with an interesting preface, which contains a discussion of the relative merits of de Maupassant and Chekov and also indicates his own methods of composing the short story.

The other collection is published under the title of the first story, "Doctor Martino" (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), the author being William Faulkner, the well-known American writer. There are some fourteen stories in all, the best perhaps being "Turn About," a tale of vivid contrasts between air and sea services in war. Mr. Faulkner has a crispness and vigour of style which, combined with a creative imagination, give his short stories their peculiar arresting quality.

Crime and Thrills

Ho Satan!

When Jimmy Tennent, the cheery young scientist from the Buffalo Museum, started his trip on the magnificent steam yacht "Princess," he thought he was in for a few weeks' luxurious pleasure. But he soon discovered that he was wrong. And from the time when he heard that hoarse, eerie cry from the darkness of the night: "Ho Satan!" things began to develop aboard "Princess" in a very nasty way.

What those things were, Michael Keyes tells you in "The Murder Cruise" (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), a tale well above the average of thrillers. His story is packed with mystery and grim incident.

An unknown homicidal maniac was at large in the yacht. Men were stricken down in queer places. Panic possessed the vessel. Michael Keyes handles his mystery excellently, and brings you at last to the explanation of a very subtle and plausible conspiracy at the end of a thoroughly well constructed yarn.

At a Masked Ball

Mr. Valentine Williams can always be depended upon to give one a story distinguished for its characterisation as much as for the exciting nature of its thrills. In "Masks Off at Midnight" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), he has sent his attractive young Scotland Yard detective for a holiday across the Atlantic to a Long Island town and he quickly involves him, against his will, in the investigation of a mysterious murder at a big social event—a masked ball. The Yard man, of course, discovers the murderer in the end, but not without considerable hazard to his own life. The interest of the story consists not only in the unravelling of the mystery itself, but in the clear presentation of a variety of characters and in the subtle skill with which the whole social atmosphere in this Long Island town is conveyed to us.

Crimes in an Old Castle

Atmosphere also is one of the strong points of "The Bowstring Murders" by Carter Dickson (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). The scene of three murders in succession is Lord Rayle's lonely castle, with a world-famous armour-hall, and the whole place exudes an air of mystery which helps to heighten the effect of the crimes committed there. The Peer himself is the first of the murderer's victims. He is found strangled in the armour-hall with no clue as to how he came by this death. Then follow the murders of his wife's maid and Lady Rayle. It is an exciting story well told.

CORRESPONDENCE

Temperamental Thoroughbreds

The Breeding Factor

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the controversy over temperamental thoroughbreds in your columns and have asked the opinion of several prominent jockeys, trainers and owners.

One point brought forward is that more mares are sent to a stallion in these days than used to be the case. The produce of over-worked stallions declines in stoutness each year, and one well-known authority with over 30 years' experience, affirms that racehorses generally to-day, are much easier to break than they used to be; which he puts down as a sign that they are losing courage.

The racing of two-year-olds was made largely responsible by more than one good judge, and it is an established fact that a horse that has been raced much as a juvenile, makes very little improvement from three to four years, and frequently makes little improvement from two to three.

The consensus of opinion was that in-breeding was mainly responsible for the tearaway sort that exhausts itself before the end of a race and never stays.

As regards the breeding of stayers in general the majority pointed out, quite rightly, that real out and out stayers very seldom get anything as good as themselves. Son-in-Law was the exception, which proves the rule. But good long distance horses such as Willonyx and Happy Man got practically nothing and even the White Knight, with all the chances he had at the Tully Stud, proved very disappointing, and never got a classic winner.

In fact, practically the only horses to get classic winners, are classic winners themselves. Outside these, the best sires are usually middle distance horses that get a mile and a quarter or even less, such as Polymelus or Sundridge.

Doubtless other people will think of many alternative reasons. If they do, I hope they will communicate them to you for publication; for the subject is an absorbing as well as an exhaustive one. J. C. ODWELL.

Reading.

SIR,—Lady Houston is to be congratulated on raising a question that has long puzzled the ordinary man in the street who takes an interest in racing, even though he knows little about racehorses and their breeding.

Perhaps the explanation is partly that nature when unduly forced ceases in time to give the results one has expected of her.

The phenomenon Lady Houston draws attention to is not wholly confined to horses. Have not we all known of human cases where the rich promise of childhood, or even of early adolescence, has vanished as a dream? And also of the contrary cases where apparent dullness in youth has been succeeded by brilliance in after years? It is not always in the latter cases a matter of determination and plodding, but merely the sudden development of unexpected powers.

Horseflesh, like humanity, must be subject to nature's laws—as we call them, though we still have a lot to learn about their actual character.

Even the perfect machine, if wrongly used or subjected to continuous heavy strain, is known to break down and become mere useless junk.

Is not that what we are doing with our best horses? Excessive two-year-old racing cannot be good for any animal, and some of our owners seem determined to race their young horses off their legs at the very beginning of their careers.

The two-year-old races are also very popular with the ordinary race-goer, so it seems futile to suggest any cutting down of such events. Accordingly we are bound to go on having a large contingent of horses who show a lamentable falling off in form from their earliest performances. A MILD PUNTER.

British Self-Depreciation

SIR,—Sir Henry Wood has had his little joke on the British public, and it has worked splendidly. He invented a Russian composer and palmed off on him some of his own work, with the result that the whole British musical world went into ecstasies over the brilliance of this youthful master who so prematurely died—at the very moment that his fame was created!

The hoax surely has its moral for that large section among us who seem to delight in disparaging everything British, while only too ready to extol any foreigner's achievements.

What is the reason of this depreciatory attitude on the part of so many Britons? Is it merely that as citizens of the greatest Empire the world has yet witnessed they feel that they must exhibit a humility in accordance with the Biblical declaration that only the meek shall inherit the earth? Or is it merely a symptom of a degenerate spirit that is afraid of the glory that is Britain's? Or is it mere hypocrisy—the same impulse that causes so many sportsmen to think it bad form even to hint at their own prowess when asked by an opponent what skill they have in a particular game?

I am rather puzzled over the whole business. Perhaps you, Sir, or some of your wiser readers can enlighten me as to the true cause of this constant effort to disparage British achievement in every sphere, artistic or non-artistic.

Personally, I prefer the man who is proud of being a Briton and thinks Britons the salt of the earth. But, then, I am only a SIMPLE SIMON.

The Steel Trap

SIR,—I have been asked to make known that the University of London Animal Welfare Society's Bill, for the abolition of the cruel steel trap, will be introduced by Viscount Tredegar in the House of Lords early next session.

In West Wales cattle have often been found with steel traps on their lips, picked up whilst grazing; and sometimes on their tongues, which have had to be amputated.

Many more people are now using long nets for catching rabbits. This is not surprising, as an 80 yards net can be bought for about the same price as a dozen traps; and rabbits caught in this humane and expeditious way fetch better prices in the market, as their legs are not mutilated.

I am issuing an illustrated leaflet with full instructions for new ways of using long nets for rabbits under varying conditions, and for humane trapping of other animals, such as rats and moles.

National Fur week begins on September 24th. I hope that people will choose furs that are named on the Fur Crusade White List, which are free from any taint of the steel trap and may therefore be worn with a clear conscience. Every time a trapped fur is bought, another animal is condemned to a similarly cruel death to replace it. There is also a grave risk of dermatitis from wearing certain furs, which, I understand, does not apply to farmed ones.

White List and Humane Trapping leaflets are available for distribution free of charge; and I hope that people will help in abolishing the greatest mass martyrdom in the world to-day. C. VAN DER BYL (Major)

(The Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign).

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The British Legion Scandal

SIR,—The statement in your correspondence page that two thousand pension cases, accumulated at the British Legion Headquarters, will take two years to be cleared up, impels me to furnish particulars concerning this unhappy business.

At the Legion Conference, Whitsun, 1933, delegates expressed themselves as disturbed at the refusal of the Minister of Pensions to deal with cases submitted to the Ministry direct by Area officials, and a resolution was passed instructing the Council to arrange that Area officials should have access to the Ministry.

The Legion Executive took an exactly opposite course. In the General Secretary's Circular No. 11, dated September 20, 1933, Branches were instructed to ignore Areas and send their pension cases direct to Headquarters, because of "speedy and adequate representation of claims." There is no statement in this Circular giving reasons why the resolution passed at the Conference was disobeyed. That is still one of the secrets in the Legion, and the malcontents are left to assume that as the National Executive did not feel competent to break down the decision of the Minister, they risked a row with their members rather than a castigation from Major Tryon, similar to that which they had after the publication of the famous pensions article in the *Legion Journal* of April, 1933.

The Metropolitan Area held a protest meeting and, despite the rhetoric of a headquarters official, passed a resolution requesting the Council to defer action until the next annual conference. This had no effect, however, and the Metropolitan Area, with the other Areas, submitted to an unconstitutional act committed by the National Executive Council in order, one must assume, to meet the wishes of the Minister of Pensions.

Yet, as your Special Correspondent stated last week, see how tender and resentful are these headquarter officials when correct interpretation is given to their actions!

"Drastic Orders"

A paragraph appeared in the newspapers on 22nd September, 1933, stating that Branches were, from October 1st, to forward pension cases to headquarters; and there was another statement to the effect that no articles or letters affecting pension matters were to be published in the *Legion Journal* unless approved by pension officials at headquarters. The paragraph then went on to state that "these drastic orders have been issued to avoid, if possible, a repetition of the recent embarrassing relations with Major Tryon, Minister of Pensions. . . . The Minister prefers to deal with headquarters officials of the Legion, and the censorship of pension publicity is calculated to promote harmonious relations with the Ministry."

In view of the ructions created by Major Tryon in Parliament and elsewhere because of the article in the *Legion Journal* criticising the Ministry, and because of the humble pie which had been eaten by Legion leaders on a public platform and in the *Journal* itself, the reasons given for the actions of the Council were obvious and correct.

Colonel Heath, General Secretary of the Legion, however, wanted it to be thought otherwise, and next day issued a denial. He wrote that the statement was not correct and "liable to convey an entirely erroneous impression."

He then proceeded to an explanation which showed that the statements were true. The position was, of course, that both he and his president, Sir Frederick Maurice, resented the publication of the reasons why these degrading and humiliating orders had been issued.

If further proof be required that the Legion executive is under the heel of Whitehall, I challenge them to deny that, after the publication of the pensions article in the *Journal*, Major Cohen, the treasurer in the absence of the chairman, Colonel John Brown, was informed by a private secretary to the Prime Minister, that if attacks on Major Tryon and his Ministry were not stopped, we might lose the Prince of Wales as Patron.

Moreover, I can bear witness that in my presence a former chairman gave the following pithy reasons why the Legion would not fight:—

If we were to agitate in Parliament we should lose the Prince; if we lost the Prince we should lose Poppy Day, and if we lost Poppy Day there would be no Legion.

These are convincing reasons why, during the thirteen years of its existence, the Legion has failed to fulfil the objects outlined in its Charter—the chief of which is that it shall safeguard the interests of disabled ex-Service men.

F. D. BONE.

Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Why not Divert Poppy Day Funds?

SIR,—In view of the fact that statements concerning the British Legion are being made which cause the subscribing public to view with alarm facts which until now have been withheld, surely something should be done to inform people that there are other ex-service organisations equally deserving of funds, for they reap very little benefit from "Poppy Day."

The King's Roll Clerks' Association, for instance, carry out marvellous work for disabled men. Instead of allowing them to writhe over the horrors of war in their homes, they give them a job of work to do, duplicating, addressing envelopes, compiling lists, etc., which enables them to supplement a meagre pension.

I have seen what these good fellows can do, and I marvel at the success of the organisers in keeping our war-scarred men cheery and bright. The ex-Services Welfare Society also does most excellent work. Men shattered in mind and spirit are cared for and housed in special homes.

Lord Roberts's Memorial Workshops make all kinds of goods which beautify a home and a garden, and are worthy of special consideration.

Let us therefore demand that Poppy Day money be utilised for these and other organisations instead of spending large sums of the money on administrative charges of the British Legion—which does not represent 90 per cent. of ex-Service men.

FAIR DEAL.

Hunter House, London, W.C.1.

The Soviet and the League

SIR,—At a meeting of the Council of the British Movement held in London on 6th September, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"The Council of the British Movement having had under consideration the proposed admission of the U.S.S.R. to the League of Nations, has come to the unanimous decision that the proposal is not in the interests of the British Empire, civilisation, or the League of Nations."

"The Government of the U.S.S.R. is engaged in activities subversive of personal liberty, the family and religion which are the basis of British civilisation, and is avowedly working for world revolution."

"The Government of the U.S.S.R. cannot be relied upon to respect the sanctity of contract. Consequently, whilst membership of the League would doubtless confer advantages upon it, it is difficult to see what contribution the U.S.S.R. is likely to make in its turn to the common welfare of nations. By admitting the U.S.S.R. to membership, the League of Nations cannot fail to lower its prestige and weaken its moral influence."

"The British Movement, therefore, urges His Majesty's Government to oppose the admission of the U.S.S.R. to the League."

Copies of this Resolution have been sent to the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the Leaders of Free Churches.

J. R. BARTLETT.

(Publicity Department, British Movement).

St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

English Settlers in Victoria

SIR,—Numerous and extensive efforts have been made to secure justice for the victims of the notorious Victorian Government Land Settlement scheme, and hitherto, in a constitutional and legitimate manner.

The British Government, which owes the settlers the special duty of protecting their interests, failed to do so and has repudiated responsibility; the Commonwealth Government likewise has repudiated responsibility, while the Victorian Government, faced with an action for damages by one of the ruined settlers in the Supreme Court, repudiated its London Agent-General and his officers, and intimated that it would, if necessary, repudiate the Migration Agreements, so as to rid itself of responsibility.

The Settlers, ninety families of whom are in England, now find themselves without practical legal means of redress, notwithstanding that all the three Governments were signatories to the Agreements, and under solemn obligation to the settlers, and, although a Judicial tribunal found that they were the victims of gross (and in other circumstances heavily punishable) misrepresentation.

Every attempt so far made to secure just recompense for the settlers individually—who have lost homes, employment, capital, often health and the best years of their lives in this fruitless migration—has been met with a point blank refusal to face the full facts.

The settlers, who were ruined years before the world depression supervened, demand only that their individual claims shall be heard before a Judicial tribunal in London, whose findings the British Government will implement forthwith, and which the settlers agree to accept.

A still further request to this end has been made to the Dominion Secretary, who evaded hearing the deputation which waited on him recently at the unanimous request of all branches of the British Legion.

The settlers have for years expressed willingness (and are still willing) to place their case before an unfettered Judicial tribunal and consider that the best interests of the British Empire demand it.

Will an appeal to the general public for elementary justice pass unheeded?

E. R. BATEMAN
(Hon. Sec., Victorian Ex-Service Settlers' Association).

"Lest we Forget"

SIR,—I wonder if any reader of your journal versed in the mysteries of modern newspaper journalism would have the goodness to explain the reason why letters to the great London dailies commenting upon Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's abominable war record are rigidly suppressed?

To a plain man, like myself, there seems something wrong when the occupants of Editorial chairs apparently vie with one another in grovelling to a politician whose writings and speeches during the dark days of the Great War should have been visited with a whipping in Lossiemouth market-place.

Some people say the Press is misleading—others employ a stronger term.

18, Pembroke Avenue,
Hove, Sussex.

EDWIN M. BEEDELL
(Master Mariner).

Whither are we Going?

SIR,—Why is it that Conservatism has such a different meaning now, from what it had in the good old days when Disraeli was with us?

Then, it meant "Patriotism," everything that was good for our own country and people. Now it means everything that is good for all other countries and peoples but our own.

What can one think of the policy of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who, instead of being the leader, is the camouflaged destroyer of the party?

Then, again, there is Mr. Winston Churchill who has made such a gallant show of patriotism in his stand against the Government White Paper for India.

I see he has been advocating the entry of the fiendish Russians into the League of Nations, where they will be

able to work their plan for world revolution all the better.

Are the Conservatives all "doped" that they cannot see through the antics of Ramsay MacDonald and Stanley Baldwin? Or is it that we have so deserted all that is good and best in our nation by ranging ourselves on the side of evil, that we have fallen into the hands of the living God (who is also a jealous God) and he will leave us to destroy ourselves?

Our churches are more political than Christian. In my Church Magazine this month was enclosed a paper showing why everyone should join the League—"The League of Nations," which certainly has not and never will justify itself, for the enormous sum it costs England, and should be closed down.

There is such a lot of talk in some of the papers, the *Saturday Review* included, that "Baldwin must go"! But why doesn't someone fire him?

Are there no men, who will bestir themselves? Then for God's sake let us have a woman at the head of the nation, who will save our country and Empire from utter annihilation.

Otherwise will it end in a Holy War? Good against evil?

Olney, Bucks.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Noise in the Streets

SIR,—It is strange that so few of us who are old enough to remember when there were no motor-cars, and most of the roads in the towns were cobbled, have forgotten the hellish din caused by our old friend the horse.

Poor chap, he couldn't help it. But the noise of his iron-shod hooves, and the iron-shod wheels of the carts he drew across the uneven highway, was veritable torture to sensitive ears. And to the sick, as was testified by the carpets of straw laid down outside houses which could afford the luxury, it was not merely intolerable, but actually dangerous.

Rubber was expensive in those days, and rubber tyres big enough for horse-drawn carts would have been a luxury. But to-day, when pneumatic tyres are cheap, horse-drawn vehicles could and should have rubber-tyred wheels, which would materially reduce the crashing volume of unnecessary noise still caused by the dear old horse.

Mechanically propelled vehicles are substantially taxed and some of the money is used to repair and rebuild the roads damaged by these vehicles. Quite apart from the question of noise, the iron-tyred horse-drawn vehicle must be a factor of considerable road injury and for that reason alone, horse-drawn vehicles not running on pneumatic tyres might be suitably taxed.

PARRY JONES.

14, Criffel Avenue, S.W.2.

The Olympia Building Exhibition

SIR,—It is almost certain that during the next twelve months some 350,000 houses of various kinds will be built.

Some idea of what these homes can be like, new ideas that can be used in their construction and new plans for the general comfort and welfare of their owners or tenants can be gathered from the Building Exhibition now being held at Olympia.

The man-in-the-street and his wife have quite rightly during the past few years become building conscious and consequently more intensely house conscious. The building industry has set itself not only to help them in appreciating the craft and economic importance of building, but also to seek their help in achieving the best on their behalf.

Many a housewife has quite rightly said very hard things about the house she is perforce compelled to live in, but this is, unfortunately, after the house has been built. Let us beg of her to come and tell us now about her ideas, requirements and general fitments for her potential new home, while the plans are still in the making.

H. B. BRYANT.

(Secretary, Building Industries National Council).
8, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

THEATRE**A VERY INDIFFERENT PLAY**

By Russell Gregory

"A Man's House"

New Theatre

By John Drinkwater

IT is always faintly annoying to watch a person of undoubted ability undertaking a task beyond his powers. One sees and appreciates the effort expended but the spectacle of a

beautiful but ineffectual angel

Beating with wings the luminous void in vain

is one which rouses me to anger rather than to pity.

That I was very angry when I left the New Theatre after seeing "A Man's House" is a fact which may interest nobody but myself. Nevertheless it is one which I feel bound to chronicle.

It is no part of my function to criticise, from the ethical standpoint, the wisdom of writing a play about the possible repercussions which may have resulted from the presence in Jerusalem of a preacher with a new and startling doctrine. The play must be considered as a play and I personally consider "A Man's House" to be a very indifferent play indeed.

I will go further and say that it is utterly impossible to be dramatic when the theme by its very nature demands that all the action shall take place either off the stage or between the scenes. That it has been done successfully I am fully aware; the ghosts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides rise from their graves to tell me so. But with the best will in the world I cannot place Mr. John Drinkwater in the same category as a dramatist.

For the rest, there was Miss Joyce Bland's moving study of the blind girl, an efficient performance by Mr. Reginald Tate, a brief but effective appearance by Mr. Stanley Lathbury and a really beautiful stage setting by Mr. Paul Shelving.

"Never Again"

Embassy

By Edmund Dalby

This play might have been very funny. It is a satire on stage life in New York and describes the several kinds of Nemesis which overtake the impresario who, for one reason or another, entrusts the rôle of leading lady to a rank amateur. The second act, in which one sees the "amateur" in action with the rest of the cast of "Her Naked Soul" on the stage of the "Belgrave Theatre" did not come off simply because the "amateur" in question did not seem to me to be very much worse than her professional colleagues. The third act was mildly humorous, but by this time I was bored.

Fred Duprez stood out head and shoulders from the rest of the cast. He is an excellent comedian and it was not his fault that one was left faintly dissatisfied. It is only fair to add that the audience at the Embassy Theatre found the affair vastly amusing.

FORWARD FROM MARATHON

FOR the re-writing of the old story of the Persian invasions of Greece under Darius and Xerxes, Mr. Compton Mackenzie was peculiarly well-equipped. ("Marathon and Salamis," Peter Davies, illustrated, 5s.).

He had studied the terrain while engaged in another even greater war, and his experiences both with the Dardanelles Expedition and the Aegean Intelligence Service had afforded him much material for supplementing the researches of purely academic scholarship and incidentally for testing the accuracy of our principal authority on the Greco-Persian struggle, Herodotus.

And in his hands this old world contest becomes something much more real than a mere record of names and facts. The wide gulf of twenty-four centuries separating us from that age seems to disappear, and the clash of East and West five centuries before Christ become part of the drama still being played out on the same earth to-day. We have, too, a clear vision of Greece as it was at that time—a series of disunited city States, each jealous of one another, each too often more anxious for its own advantage than for the general good of Hellas as a whole.

There are exceptions, of course, whose rarity, however, proves the general rule—such, for example, as the self-sacrifice of Leonidas and his band of heroes at Thermopylae, the Athenian refusal of Mardonius' offer after Salamis, and the gallant decision of the Plataeans to support the Athenians at Marathon.

As with the states so with the commanders. With hardly an exception the leaders of the Hellenic resistance to Persia reveal the worst of human nature. They are revengeful, ambitious, greedy, jealous, vain, covetous, selfish, false and treacherous. Not one of them, in regard to the finer qualities of man, is worthy of being matched against Darius, unless it might be Leonidas, of whom, except for that superlative act of self-abnegation, we know nothing.

For all his recognition of these weaknesses on the Greek side and his slightly exaggerated appreciation of the merits of the Persians, Mr. Mackenzie is fain to admit that victory for the Persians would have had disastrous consequences so far as human progress is concerned, involving, as it would infallibly have done, the stifling of the spirit of Hellas by the all-embracing Persian administrative system and consequently "the loss of the most signal creative outburst the world has known."

In his last chapter, where he stresses this point, Mr. Mackenzie makes some shrewd and also some singularly futile general observations. Why should he bracket Imperialism with internationalism and "that pinchbeck Moloch, the Totalitarian State," as all tending "to seep the spirit of man under the pretence of bloating his body"? Again, for sheer absurdity is it possible to beat this apparent allusion to de Valera's republican "gesture"?—

The Irish still have the souls of free men, and in the country where the only gesture comparable to that of Leonidas and his Spartans has been made during this century on behalf of the pure idea of liberty, lies the chief hope that western man will be rescued from the slavery into which with a peaceful sigh he is declining.

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MUSIC NOTES

Some Soloists at the Proms

By Herbert Hughes

IT is one of the many virtues of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall that the genius British artist is given something like a sporting chance of making a reputation or maintaining one already made. Never was an audience less snobbish in forming an opinion than a typical Prom. audience, or more generous in expressing approval. Highbrow critics have been known to deprecate such unseemly enthusiasm. Indeed, the *hoi polloi* have been observed in paroxysms of delight after a conspicuously slovenly performance.

These little lapses apart, the fact remains that the Prom. audience is remarkably quick to appreciate good solo work, just as it is remarkably honest enough to damn with the faintest praise some modernist novelty it does not understand. Prom. listeners do not play pretend, which is another way of saying that it is one of the best audiences to be found anywhere, one of the most sympathetic that any artist could face.

During the last week or so a highly representative number of British soloists have been heard in great standard works and, in an atmosphere so extremely friendly as this, have been found at the very top of their various forms. A Brahms programme on Wednesday for example brought Isolde Menges and May Mukle together to play the Double Concerto for violin and violincello. This was a most musicianly performance.

At the Haydn-Mozart concert the following evening the soloists were Noël Eadie and Arthur Catterall, the former one of the best Mozart singers in the world to-day, the latter a classical fiddler beyond reproach. Miss Eadie's singing of Constance's aria, *Ach ich liebe*, from "Seraglio" was a charming experience, and if Mr. Catterall did not attempt to make a he-man of Mozart (which is the very latest thing in interpretation) he succeeded in bringing lovely sounds from his violin in phrases of exquisite moulding.

I do not, myself, take great delight in Beethoven's dramatic scena and aria, *Ah! Perfido*, but could heartily commend Stiles-Allen for the truly heroic manner of her interpretation. It was a big task accomplished in a big way, and the audience was particularly emphatic in its appreciation of the singer's prowess. On that evening, too, the Piano Concerto No. 4 in G was played by Solomon. I know of no English pianist whose growth towards mastery has been so steady and so satisfactory. There was a time, some few years back, when he did not seem to appreciate the difference between rhythm and metre; he appeared to be satisfied with a clock-like perfection at any old speed. Somehow it has dawned on him that rhythm is the very soul of music, and to-day he is one hundred per cent. artist. This was a joyful performance.

On Saturday evening we had Luella Paikin and Stuart Robertson as singers and Irene Scharrer as

pianist—a capital group. Miss Paikin had *Una voce poco fa* to deal with, and this she did with the right Rossinian charm. Mr. Robertson is nothing if he is not breezy, and although Handel always kept his singers more or less on a lash this baritone (or bass-baritone) forged his way successfully through the baroque heroics of *Revenge*, *Timotheus Cries* to the delight of a "popular" night crowd; while Miss Scharrer, for her part, left nothing of charm and brilliance out of a Saint-Saens concerto.

Two nights later we were again in a welter of Wagnerian music-drama, this time with Florence Easton and Francis Russell as soloists. Mr. Russell had the Trial Songs from "Die Meistersinger" as his task, coming through bravely as usual. Miss Easton had *Isolda's Narration to Brangäne*.

In my little list Miss Easton's name happens to come last chronologically; musically, she stands at the head of the singers, her versatility plus her artistry placing her in a class somewhat by herself. Her dramatisation of the *Narration* came as the climax of a week's singing.

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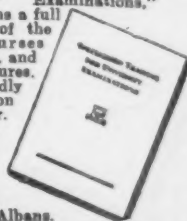
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Foreign Loans Policy

(By Our City Editor)

ATENTION has already been drawn in this column to the chief reasons for the present period of "cheap money" and the reduction of the yield on British Government stocks to a 3 per cent. level, but one of the chief factors so far as Britain is concerned is the absence of fresh loans abroad. In this direction the Treasury's policy has been one of confusion, for while numerous loans have been granted to Central European States, the last of them (to Austria) carrying a full British Government guarantee, no attempt has been made to extricate from their difficulties those countries which are not only in no position to threaten any breach of international peace, but are most likely to offer favourable markets for British goods.

During the last week or so South American finances have been presented in a rather more favourable light, owing to the fact that the gradual rise in commodity prices is having its effect upon the primary-producing countries, and is freeing their exchanges and enabling them to meet a larger proportion of their obligations abroad.

Argentina has shown herself to be a most honest debtor, maintaining the service on her external debts despite great pressures at home to default. In consequence, the Argentine Government is now reaping its reward in converting about £10,000,000 of debt with a saving of some £1,000,000 over the next two years, and British enterprises in Argentina which have suffered from the stringent exchange regulations which the Argentine Government had to impose during the depression, should benefit indirectly from the improved financial position of the Republic. Argentine Railway stockholders have not received a fair deal during the past three or four years, but a revival of internal prosperity, will do much to restore a better feeling in Argentina towards the British who constitute her best customers.

Brazilian Bonds

Argentine Bonds stand at high prices already, as might be expected, in view of the high financial reputation which the Republic enjoys, but Brazilian securities, despite their recent rise, are in a rather different position. Brazil withstood the depression less successfully than Argentina, and after the inevitable default upon her foreign debt, produced an arbitrary funding scheme this year to deal with her whole debt position, Federal, State, and municipal. Though the terms of this plan were somewhat harsh to the bondholders, the bonds had sunk to such low prices that they provided big yields on the cash payments under the new plan, and with the Brazilian exchange position improving every day, the bonds have attracted the attention of investors and speculators alike. Their security is excellent for the high yields obtainable.

On the 5 per cent. Funding loan the return is about £5 2s. 6d. per cent. "flat" or 6d. more to redemption, the service being a first charge on the customs revenues. The 5 per cent. Funding loan

of 1914 offers a yield of 5½ per cent. at 85 or nearly 6 per cent. if allowance is made for redemption, the service being a second charge on the customs revenues. The 5 per cent. 20-year Funding loan of 1931, which takes priority over all the external loans other than the two mentioned above, also yields about 5½ per cent. "flat," but the redemption yield is nearly 6½ per cent., and this looks the most attractive of all the Brazilian Government loans. The 5 per cent. 40-year Funding loan of 1931 returns £6 13s. 4d. per cent. "flat," or 6½ per cent. to redemption, but, although the yield is higher than on the 20-year loan, the latter is likely to benefit from an additional sum of not less than £600,000 for the redemption of the bonds during the period of the plan. The amount applicable to the London portion would be about £240,000.

Of the other Brazilian loans the San Paulo Coffee Realisation loan of 1930 is the most attractive. The bonds are in 7 per cent. form and at 96 yield about 7½ per cent. flat or rather more to redemption.

Shares in the News

EAGLE, STAR AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO. are paying a third quarterly dividend of 5 per cent. on October 1, making 15 per cent. to date, the same as a year ago. The yield on the fully-paid shares is £3 4s. 6d. per cent., a fair return for the shares of a progressive company such as the "Eagle Star."

ANGLO-ORIENTAL MINING CORPORATION.—The tin mining and investment company report a big recovery, net profit for the sixteen months to June 30 last being £62,233 against £27,915 in the previous year. During the depression in the tin mining industry, the Corporation accumulated £222,000 of arrears of preference dividend and the directors now propose to wipe these arrears off piecemeal, commencing with a six months' payment from the current profits. This absorbs £29,063. The 7½ per cent. preference at 22s. are interesting in view of the arrears payments which they will carry.

The 5s. shares of *Qualcast Ltd.*, the Derby lawn-mower and light castings manufacturers, have risen to 20s. 6d. on the dividend and bonus of 20 per cent. for the year, against 15 per cent. last year, and although they are probably about correctly valued, they are nevertheless a good industrial investment, for the company reports a record profit of £44,112 for the past year, against £30,116 in the previous year. Qualcast was made a public company in 1928, but it was not over-capitalised and has an excellent financial record to date.

Imperial Chemicals have been steady around 36s. since the company announced an interim dividend of 2½ per cent., the same as for the previous year, on ordinary shares. The market was going for 3 per cent., but there seems no reason why the directors should do other than adopt a cautious interim dividend policy. At 36s. the ordinary shares return £4 3s. 4d. per cent., quite a good yield for one of the leading shares in the market. The deferred are always worth buying under 9s.

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Charles Barber

BROADCASTING

AN OPEN LETTER TO COLONEL DAWNAY

DEAR COLONEL DAWNAY,—In spite of the fact that I have not as yet made your acquaintance—though I did make a tentative effort to do so some twelve months ago—I trust that you will not object to me addressing a personal letter to you.

You have been described in the press as the Controller of Output, from which I take it that you hold yourself responsible for everything which finds itself transmitted from the various aerials erected by the B.B.C.

I have watched with some care your plans for the improvement of British Broadcasting during the coming winter. I noticed that they include the provision of an alternative to Dance Music between 10.30 and 11.15 p.m. This looked so reasonable on paper that I felt there was a catch in it and in consequence refrained from comment. With that charming naivete which is so typical of Broadcasting House and other circular buildings of which we are so justly proud, you have seen fit through the agency of your official Journal to let the cat out of the bag.

I am dismayed to find that these alternative programmes are to be of "minority interest." I have not the slightest idea what precise significance you attach to the word "minority," but if I were to attempt to guess from my experience of transmissions similarly described I should imagine that you mean anything under six and over nought. However that may be, it would seem that your intention is, having been forced by public opinion to provide extra facilities, to make quite sure that these facilities will only be acceptable to the smallest number of listeners.

Your excuse for this niggardly concession is that people start going to bed at 10 o'clock and that those who stay up will welcome something out of the ordinary. The implication would seem to be that anyone who goes to bed later than 10 p.m. is either a dance band fan or else insane in some other direction.

From a purely mathematical standpoint it would appear that the amount of time per week to be spent on minority programmes is to be increased by four-and-a-half hours. Yet your attitude in the matter is that of a person who is conferring a benefit on the majority of listeners. This is a kind of loose thinking which I find particularly annoying especially when it is indulged in by people who are in a position to inflict the results of their muddled thinking on a defenceless public.

To sum up, anyone but a high official of the B.B.C. would be aware that minorities are already sufficiently catered for and that it is more important to satisfy the wants of the ordinary listener than it is to pander to the demands of the loud-voiced "intelligentsia."

I remain, without prejudice,
Your Obedient Servant,
ALAN HOWLAND.

CINEMA

Possibilities of Colour Photography

By Mark Forrest

VARIOUS experiments have been made during the last quarter of a century with colour photography, but the results have been rather unsatisfactory. The two bogies which have beset inventors are known as fringing and overlapping which lead, respectively, to a sudden wash of colour or to a blurred image. There has also been a tendency for the background to get out of focus. A new process has now been perfected whereby these bogies have been laid and a short picture, entitled *La Cucaracha* (The Cockroach) was shown last week in order to demonstrate its possibilities.

Mr. R. E. Jones, who was brought to Hollywood to supervise the colour in this film, which is the product of a company known as Pioneer Pictures, explains the new process by saying that it is a perfection of the three colour system which uses three, instead of two, rolls of film and these are photographed simultaneously. By this trichromatic method red, yellow and blue (the primary colours) are photographically blended.

Up to the Public

The result, as shown by *La Cucaracha*, is very successful, although one or two shots at the beginning left the background in the air. Here, however, is a process which, judging from the short film which I saw, does what its sponsors claim for it, but it remains to be seen whether the public will take kindly to films produced in technicolor. So far it has not shown itself to be particularly impressed by the former experiments in this direction, but that may have been because there was a certain strain imposed upon the eyes; this strain is entirely absent in new technicolor.

I myself feel that the dramatic values of a film are not enhanced by seeing it in colour. This may be due to one's unfamiliarity with the medium, but I think it goes deeper than that and that, until the third dimension becomes a business proposition—perhaps not even then—the black and white images will remain supreme.

Radio Pictures have sufficient faith in the new process and in its universal appeal to proclaim that they are making two full length films in this medium in the near future. These will be *The Three Musketeers* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

Evelyn Laye figures once again at the Tivoli in the new picture, *Evensong*, which has replaced *Chu Chin Chow*. This is an adaptation of the play and the book of the same name, but the adaptors seem to have mistaken the time of the service. The picture should have been entitled, *Matins*, for they are not concerned with the original—the subject of which was the Nunc Dimittis of a prima donna—until the film is more than half over.

Irela is seen as a young and charming colleen—though Evelyn Laye makes no serious attempt to manage the Irish accent—who flies to Paris with a young man. Here she is taken in hand by another young man who proceeds to direct her career for the rest of her life, except for a brief interlude where she falls in love with the Austrian Archduke. Then she sings to the soldiers during the war and finally when one was beginning to wonder whether any of the original was to be used at all, we come at last to the kernel of the nut. The kernel, however, belongs to another kind of nut altogether.

The sweet Irela—she has been perfectly charming up to this point—suddenly develops into a termagant and a peaceful character suddenly assumes a guise which would do credit to a prizefighter. A lamb roars like a lion and, worse, she who has withstood the onslaught of age with a magnificent effrontery suddenly looks an old woman. What, one asks, has this spiteful bedlam to do with the Irish colleen? I really don't know.

Fritz Kortner, as the prima donna's manager, gives an excellent performance. He has a grip upon the character and, whenever he is on the screen he brings virility with him—a quality which is invaluable in this picture because there is altogether too much singing and too little action. Evelyn Laye is in good voice, but the characterisation at the end is beyond her capabilities. The rising star, of whom she is so passionately jealous, is played by Conchita Supervia and when she is singing, one cannot have enough of her voice.

More singing, but of a totally different quality, is to be heard at the Plaza where Gracie Fields' new film, *Sing As We Go*, is being shown. The stories which have been given to this actress have been very poor and, evidently, Mr. Basil Dean was aware of the fact, for he has engaged no less an author than Mr. Priestley to write the new one.

Mr. Priestley and Mr. Dean then appear to have left for Blackpool where they have sampled the various shows in the amusement park, and the camera man has faithfully photographed them.

The picture, indeed begins as if something solid was going to result, but once Mr. Priestley (and Mr. Dean) get among the switchbacks, the bare backs and the popcorn, the rollicking life is too much for them. If that is pleasure, it must be the very duce to have time on one's hands anywhere near Blackpool.

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